Part Second.

COLORADO SPRINGS GAZET

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1893.

NUMBER 4731.

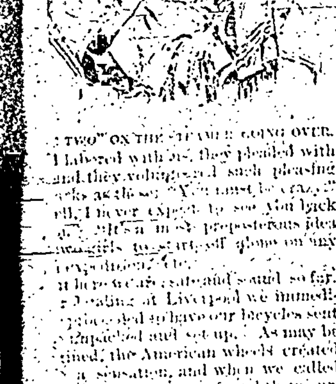
WE TWO ON WHEELS

NO YOUNG LADIES ARE DOING GREAT BRITAIN ON BICYCLES.

[illegible] Friends Thought They Must Be [illegible] They Are Having a Good Time—[illegible] the Way—Sight-seeing in Chester.

[Special Correspondence.]

[illegible] June 23.—When [illegible] that we had de[illegible] to "do" Great Britain on bi[illegible] was the greatest nation there, [illegible] Our friends out home in New Eng[illegible]



[illegible] TWO" ON THE STEAMER GOING OVER.

[illegible] labored with us, they pleaded with [illegible] and they volunteered such pleasing [illegible] as these: "You must be crazy [illegible] I never expect to see you back [illegible] It's a most preposterous idea [illegible] girls to start off alone on any [illegible] expedition," etc.

[illegible] here we are safe and sound so far. [illegible] landing at Liverpool we immedi[illegible] proceeded to have our bicycles sent [illegible] unpacked and set up. As may be [illegible] gined, the American wheels created [illegible] a sensation, and when we called [illegible] for them we found them sur[illegible] by a crowd of men and boys. [illegible] smiling clerk brought them to the [illegible] for us, and as we were preparing [illegible] two dignified young English[illegible] who were passing stopped, and one [illegible] to the other in an audible [illegible]

[illegible] y Jove! There are two bont and American bicycles."

[illegible] and they are [illegible] and bont American girls who are [illegible] to ride them too. We'll wait and [illegible]

[illegible] an easy matter to get away from [illegible] their crowd." I call back to Ede [illegible] sail swiftly down the street, turn [illegible] corner and are lost to sight. [illegible] around Liverpool for a couple [illegible] to see the sights and "get our [illegible] legs" and then early one morning [illegible] the River Mersey to Birkenhead [illegible] take the turnpike road to Chester, [illegible] walled city of which we have [illegible] much. The road for the entire [illegible] is like a floor, but it is far too [illegible] to hurry over. The "gentry," [illegible] their stately homes and ancestral [illegible] line the sides of the road all the [illegible] with an occasional little settlement [illegible] common people and a country [illegible] or two, where we stop for a cool[illegible] refreshments.

[illegible] to chat with the country peo[illegible] we meet on our way, most of whom [illegible] and dirty that if we met [illegible] in America we would be likely to [illegible] tramps and give them a wide [illegible] Here they are honest, good natured [illegible] and we often gain a [illegible] interesting information from [illegible] farmer folk, who al[illegible] to have plenty of time to stop [illegible] chat. We meet party [illegible] party of cyclists, many of whom [illegible]

[illegible] We are informed that at [illegible] Brown's, the "half way house," we [illegible] a good dinner, as she caters es[illegible] for cyclists. As we draw up to [illegible] following inscription greets [illegible] "Mrs. Brown is licensed to sell in[illegible] liquors and small beer to be [illegible] on the premises."

[illegible] said Ede faintly, "I won't [illegible] my temperance principles—and [illegible] I am hungry," and we [illegible] on. In a short time we come to [illegible] that is decidedly cozy and com[illegible] in appearance and we decide to [illegible] As we pass around to the side to [illegible] the big sign swinging in [illegible] "Licensed to sell wine [illegible] spirituous liquors."

[illegible] corners of Edith's mouth droop a[illegible] her eyes, but she [illegible] steadily forward this time, and [illegible] the coziest of dining rooms, [illegible] repast is soon spread be[illegible]

[illegible] drinking water asks us if we [illegible] like ginger or anything else to [illegible] There is considerable acidity in [illegible] orders lemonade and [illegible] her eyes as I ask for a [illegible] I silence any remon[illegible] by remarking that I am going [illegible] its flesh producing qual[illegible] and as there is no occasion for her [illegible] it for that reason she may as well [illegible]

[illegible] linger around until we suddenly [illegible] to the fact that night is drawing [illegible] and then for a quick run [illegible] We dismount in front of a [illegible] shop and I enter to make some in[illegible] [illegible] motherly little old lady [illegible] and after a somewhat pro[illegible] survey of my general appearance [illegible] glance at Ede who is standing [illegible] over the wheels outside, says [illegible] "I'm an old fashioned woman, [illegible] have a comfortable room and a [illegible] The two of ye are tired [illegible] Now then, come in and stay [illegible] I'll do the best that ever I [illegible]

[illegible] is antiquated and gloomy, [illegible] and I decided to accept the in[illegible] Sponges, brushes and quanti[illegible] water soon set us to [illegible] and when we come back from [illegible] a table spread with the [illegible] lunch and daintiest of [illegible] which is loaded [illegible] supper for just "we [illegible] down and heartily dis[illegible] and feel at peace with all the [illegible] Ede creeps into the depths of a [illegible] and I curl up on the comfort[illegible] old fashioned lounge and listen [illegible] to our garrulous little land[illegible]

[illegible] dear, and it's hard to believe [illegible] all the way from 'Merica [illegible] have long [illegible] to start [illegible] just the two of ye. And [illegible] ye don't bring some men [illegible]

[illegible] mighty in the [illegible] didn't [illegible]

"Well, I don't know but that ye are right, but it [illegible] Now, ye two are traveling all over the world, and here am I, a poor soul that never gets out of Chester. I've two brothers married and settled in your country. Mayhap ye may have heard speak of them. It's somewhere in Canada they live. Now, tell me, is that near Boston?"

"Not very."

"Well, Canada's the queen's own, and isn't Boston too?"

"Oh, no!" I hastily answer.

"Well, I've heard speak of it, and of Chicago and Pennsylvania and all them places, but it's little I know of them."

She hunts up a long unused lamp and fixes it up for us because folks from our country don't like candles, and her last appearance is just as we are ready for bed. "Of course ye two girls don't mind if I come in now, for I want to tell ye that the key to your door is lost, but ye're just as safe as if ye were under yer mother's wing at home. There's nobody here but me and my man. He's a shoemaker, as his father was before him, and many a good bit he picks up by his trade. Miss Horley, she had these rooms for near three years, and she it was that lost the key to the door; but never mind, ye're all safe," and off she trots. We pile things up against the unlocked door, look under the bed and peer into the closets and then crawl into the snowy bed, which smells of lavender, and are speedily lost to the things of this world.

We rise early to explore the queer old city with its Roman antiquities and various relics of many centuries ago. We traverse the top of the wall which surrounds "old" Chester and get into the sentry boxes and peep out of the loopholes and try to imagine we are sentinels watching for invaders. Red coated British soldiers travel about the city and give an added picturesqueness to the old place. I find the "wishing steps," and, according to the rule, walk up and down over them three times, holding my breath, and then "wish for what I want most." I may as well add right here that I didn't get that wish. Then I found the ruins of the mill that stands on the River Dee where the miller sang so cheerily, "I envy nobody; no, not I, and nobody envies me."

We visit the cathedral, The Rows and other points of interest, and when we are told that Chester is built on the ruins of an old Roman city and that it is impossible to dig into the earth to the depth of two or three feet without coming upon some relics of the old Romans it is only the fact that we cannot possibly carry any extra luggage that restrains us from at once starting out with shovel and pick to dig for antiquities. And so, having "done" Chester, we get out our wheels and start due east for Manchester.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

CARRIE L. HODSDON.

Effects of Pernicious Bread.

The food of the country needs improvement. Something is being done in cookery, but the improvement must go back of this and deal with the materials, besides the inspection of meats and their feeding for market. Cereals, flour and vegetables need [illegible] standard of health running down by over fine and wasting food.

It will be news to most readers that a food commission of able and scientific men is now organized and trying to gain recognition for its important work, which concerns every home and every child in the United States, but it will obtain the interest of European governments long before it gains the civility of our own.

The manner of breadmaking has been the subject of inquiry by a health commission in England for several years, the result being that travelers find themselves unable to eat the bread at the best American hotels with satisfaction. Leaving out the vexed question of coarse versus fine flour, all physicians agree that fermented breads eaten the same day they are baked are pernicious. Yet the rule all over the country is to use bread raised to the last degree, not fully baked for fear of losing weight and eaten fresh as possible.

The result is indigestion, which hacks and wrecks the nervous system; loss of nutrition, which involves falling of hair, decay of teeth, weak sight, dull and thick complexions, bad tempers and tired brains. Further on this develops painful intestinal disorders, especially peritonitis and tumors of the abdomen, and shares much of the credit of Bright's disease and neuralgia. I doubt if one reader in a hundred will allow these facts or see their possibility. But eminent surgeons and microscopists know it.—Shirley Dare in New York Herald.

Women In Persia.

It has so long been our natural boast that, although still denied the ballot, nowhere do women enjoy such freedom, that it may surprise some persons to know that Persian women boast that in their country men do the work and women enjoy the results. They at least have far more freedom than is generally supposed by their American sisters. The requirements of a Persian household are comparatively few—fruits and salads form a large proportion of the diet; the warm climate dispenses with many articles necessary in America, and the rare changes in fashion save an incredible amount of labor. In the anderoon—or woman's part of the house—girls are taught to read, to sew and to play the zither, and as they marry at 12 or 13 their parents are early relieved of all care for their future.

Recovered After Twenty Years.

Mr. Hicks Gibbs had a curious experience in connection with thieves which encourages him not to dismiss all hope. Many years ago he had his watch "conveyed" by a pickpocket. After an interval of 20 years he received from Scotland Yard the works of his watch, the only part left. The police, making a raid upon the house of a notorious thief, found carefully packed away a collection of the works of watches. They were submitted to the various makers whose names they bore, and the tradesman from whom Mr. Gibbs purchased the watch traced the account in his books. The works, minus the case, were returned to their owner.—London News.

The Trouble With Biographies.

Our belief is that the biography is a sort of advertisement. The compiler receives very generous help from a multitude of quite insignificant people and feels constrained to publish the letters they wrote to the victim, and the letters the victim wrote back to them. So the gentle reader is asked to take interest in men and women whose importance it is impossible not to magnify. If only biographers knew what to omit, things would be so much better.—Pall Mall Gazette.

IF YOUTH HAS FLOWN

WISE WOMEN WEAR DARK COLORS AND STRIVE FOR SOBER EFFECTS.

When the Bloom of Youth Is Lost—Olive Harper's Advice to Matrons—Their Daughters Are Also Told How to Dress Becomingly.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, June 29.—It is a difficult and heartbreaking period for a woman, that lying between youth and old age, and few women have the courage to face it. It means that all the little sweet attentions given the young women are out of place if offered, and they are offered more and more rarely, for there is a time when youth has flown and old age has not yet come—that the woman has not the pleasures of youth nor the privileges and honors of many years. It is hard for the woman to give up one after another the dainty little adornments only suitable for youth, but, oh, so pretty! Henceforth she must dress in heavier and statelier goods. She cannot wear the ribbons, the hats, the styles of her younger sister. Her hair must not be dressed so becomingly, and over all her attire must be that soberness befitting the "middle aged woman."

GOWNS FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

If it were only all youth and old age, without that dreaded middle age, when a woman is made to feel that she is "nothing to nobody," many homes would be happier, for the middle aged woman is not happy. Indeed, I think the pitiful struggle of a woman to remain young—to keep out of that dreaded time when the whole world slights and ignores her—is the most pathetic sight in the world. Her husband has not kept pace with her. She has suddenly passed beyond beauty and youth, and if she resents his turning to fresher faces she has an added cross to bear. Her husband is called a young man still, and he is so, even though he has passed into his forties, but the woman—well, she must try to bear it and study herself a little [illegible] to avoid too youthful dress on one side or falling into a careless habit on the other.

Now is the time for her to wear the thick rich fabrics that are so handsome that the eye is drawn to them rather than to the fading face. Lace is of the greatest value, and wherever lace, black or white, can possibly be added to a gown it should be. Crepe lisse ruffles are also excellent for a softening effect. Full lace ruffles around the neck, be it [illegible] are desirable. Let the bonnet be of lace, with broken lines around the edges, and let the whole apparel be neat without that exact precision that strictly belongs to old age.

The complexion suffers with the rest and it grows sallow, and this requires great care in the selection of colors. Grays, greens, some browns, all purples and most blues should be let severely alone. Choose instead the snuff browns, tans, pinks, garnets and deep, rich tints in blue. Dark green can be worn by putting lace, lots of lace, between the gown and the neck.

One design for a middle aged lady is a superb black grenadine with velvet stripes, and, by the way, velvet is the most becoming material the woman who is losing her youth can wear. This model has a plain skirt and a plain, gathered waist, with a wrinkled velvet belt. The sleeves are modified balloon puffs, and there is a simulated Eton jacket of embroidered velvet. Around the neck is a ruff of lace. A small black lace and jet bonnet completes the toilet, which is very elegant, but, alas! not what the lady would fain wear.

ELEGANT SUMMER ATTIRE FOR MATRONS.

Her daughter in her little frock of hairline zephyr, lilac and white, with the low garden hat of soft straw covered with buttercups, looks a picture of loveliness, and her whole outfit does not cost a twentieth part of that of her mother. Such is life!

There are other matrons not quite so old, and for them almost anything is permitted, yet those who have a reputation for correct dressing keep a little distance from the styles set apart for young girls. One very refined dress was of stone gray [illegible] with two rows of satin ribbon of the exact shade sewed on flat. The corsage is like a redingote, but turns down at the top in a bertha cape, and the top is filled in with cream crepe de chine, and there is a fall of lace.

OLIVE HARPER.

THE PENSION QUESTION.

Hon. Joseph H. O'Neill Will Lead the Fight at the Next Session.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON, June 29.—All movements of widespread interest necessarily have to be propelled into public notice by some person and some definite proposition. Sometimes in the growth of the movement the initiating force is almost forgotten, and the movement seems as if it grew of itself.

It is so with the present agitation in favor of pension [illegible] big in the Farnham post trouble in G. A. R. ranks. It was not until in the house of representatives last February, when several amendments to the pension laws were brought in as "riders" to the pension appropriation bill, that concrete form and impulse was given the pension question.

The amendments proposed in brief that no alien living outside of the United States should continue to receive a pension; that no widow who married more than five years after the war should be pensioned, and that under the dependent and disability act of 1890 no person should be pensioned who is not disabled from manual labor and is in receipt of an income exceeding $600 a year. These amendments failed, as it was known they would fail, but had just the effect anticipated by causing a two weeks' debate that started the present movement into activity.

The propelling force of the amendments was Joseph H. O'Neill, member of congress from Boston. The ground was probably fallow for at least a discussion of the question whether pension allowances had gone too far. Had he himself not thought the time ripe and that he could safely strike the blow their author would not have presented the amendments. Mr. O'Neill is not a man to rashly throw himself into a breach. That may be heroic, but, as he himself would say, it is not politics. No more distinctive type of the Yankee-Irishman could be imagined than Joe O'Neill, as his intimates know him. He is not the mercurial, devil-may-care Irishman of the novelist. He is honest, industrious and warm hearted, but clear headed. No more cool, calculating member sits on the floor of the house. John Sherman is hardly a more complete master of the knowledge when to act and when not to.

JOSEPH H. O'NEILL.

Mr. O'Neill is just turned into his fortieth year. Originally from Fall River, he located in South Boston and plunged actively into politics. He has always had to fight for success, but has always succeeded. As there are in South Boston a number of bright young men like himself, ambitious for a public career, the fact that Joseph O'Neill has always succeeded speaks for itself of him as an adroit politician. By profession he is a lawyer, but politics takes up his time, and he practices but seldom. His public career began in 1875 as a member of the Boston school committee. From 1878 to 1881 he was in the Massachusetts house of representatives. He was [illegible] clerk of [illegible] and was then sent to the Fifty-first congress to begin his promising national career.

To Mr. O'Neill will be committed in the coming congress the planning of the annual pension appropriation bill and the lead of the Democratic party in the fight over the pension question. Imagine a vigorous man about 5 feet 9, clear cut from the ground up, broad shoulders, deep chest, big bones—as compactly put up as a strong shoulder hitter. His hair is coarse, dark colored, with a faint suggestion of reddishness. His face is smooth shaven; features clearly defined. His mouth is large, but it is his nose that would distinguish him anywhere.

It is large, long and points straight out into the air—not a curiously inquisitive nose, but one that pokes itself into anything it thinks it has a right to know, about and measures things by the cold, hard facts of its discoveries unbiased by sentimental considerations such as usually weigh strongly with an Irishman. He does not speak often in the house, and when he does drives squarely at the matter under discussion in a sharp, rather harsh voice set off by no gestures save a straight propulsion of the right arm. He is a fine stump speaker. Though a young man, he is not of the Quincy wing of the Massachusetts Democracy. He was not a Cleveland man, and in the last speakership contest was not a Mills man, but adroitly masked his Hill feelings under a boom for young Governor Russell, and as he had declared on the stump he would vote for no free silver man he threw his vote away and cast it for John [illegible]

The shrewdness characteristic of a Scotchman rather than of an Irishman was shown by an incident in the debate over the pension bill. Pickler of Dakota and Bingham of Pennsylvania were charging savagely into it. I was on the floor, and meeting Mr. O'Neill, who was walking about, he said to me: "Those two men were gallant fighters. They are not the men I'm after. I know what all their records are. I've looked them up, and some persons may find it out."

He had examined the war records of every probable opponent of the bill. What will come of the movement he started remains for time to tell, but it will give Mr. O'Neill national prominence.

C. H. MERRIZAT.

Several Rooms In the Mormon Temple.

The basement of the Mormon temple is divided into several apartments, the larger one being 57 by 35 feet, containing a baptismal font. The floor is tiled with marble, polished to the highest degree of perfection, while the ceiling is of a sky blue tint. The font is of bronze, and like that in the temple at Jerusalem rests on the backs of 12 oxen, also of bronze, which stand with their faces to the east, west, north and south. Grand and impressive as this apartment is it is mediocre when compared with some of those on the upper floors. One in particular is deserving of special mention.

Resplendent in blue and gold is this magic chamber, while the floor is of blocks of wood [illegible] brought from all portions of the world by the missionaries sent out by the church. Another apartment adjoining is still more beautiful. White and gold are used, and the effect is to dazzle the eye. The tapestries are all of the purest white and are [illegible] are of the finest onyx, delicate in tint, and in such profusion [illegible] a dealer in this product insane with envy.

To be permitted to look upon the mag[illegible]

[illegible] ailment [illegible] a year of one's life and a trip across the world.—C. M. Jackson in Harper's Weekly.

Pane of Glass With a History.

The old Nypano depot at Meadville is being torn down. It was on a pane of glass in this depot that John Wilkes Booth cut with a diamond the date of Abraham Lincoln's assassination several months before the president was shot. The date of the glass and the date of the shooting did not correspond, but it showed the deed was in contemplation. The pane of glass is now in the national museum at Washington.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for July 9, 1893—Paul at Philippi, Acts 16:19-34.

[Specially Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.—Act 16:31.

TIME.—A. D. 52, during Paul's second missionary journey.

PLACE.—[illegible]

The Gospel Work Interferes with Sinful Gains.—Ver. 19.—For some time the missionaries making their home at Lydia's house preached the Gospel in Philippi. "The almost total absence of Jews meant an almost total absence of persecution." Peacefully and happily the work progressed and a church was founded. But frequently they met in the streets a poor slave girl owned by a company of speculators, who made no little money out of her as a fortuneteller. She was supposed to be possessed with "the spirit of Python," the imagined serpent that guarded the oracle of Apollo at Delphi and inspired the women, who, in some wild, raving manner, uttered the oracles at that famous shrine. Gloag says that "the history plainly implies that she was possessed with a devil;" and President Woolsey, "that the spirit, in the manner of acting, resembles the demons of the Gospels." Dr. Lyman Abbott says "she was a mixture of fraud, clairvoyance, insanity and devil." Out of this woman the demon was cast by Paul in the name of Jesus Christ. She was saved from her fearful malady. But her power to make money for her masters was gone forever.

19. "Her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone." The first heathen persecution, like that subsequently at Ephesus (19:25-27), was set on foot by covetousness (Comp. 1 Tim. 6:9, 10). Like the Gergesenes (Matt. 8:28-34), they cared nothing that a soul had been saved in comparison with the loss of their gains.

20. "And brought them to the magistrates, Saying, These men, being Jews:" This was one of those most common artifices of bad men, when the real reason is hidden under some alleged reason that arouses popular prejudice. No people were regarded by the Romans with such contempt and hatred as the Jews. According to Suetonius the Jews had just been expelled from Rome by Emperor Claudius, and the Roman prætors at Philippi would naturally feel that to expel Jews from their city, a colony of Rome, would not be offensive to their government.

21. "And teach customs, which are not lawful for us to receive." The complaints against Paul and Silas were founded on the Roman law against introducing foreign religions into territory which the Romans conquered; for there was a general allowance to subjects of exercising their own religious observances where they lived, and the Jews particularly were free by treaty to continue the practices which they had before they were conquered. But for a Roman citizen to become a Jew in his religion seems to have been forbidden.

The Apostles in Prison.—23. "Thrust them into the inner prison." The dungeon, a deep, damp, chilly cell far underground, opening only at the top, without fresh air or light, stifling and pestilential. Apparently the prisoners were placed beyond all possible ways of escape, even by those who could cast out devils.

25. "Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises." Their wounds were undressed; filth and vermin added to their pain; their position was one of torture. Sleep was out of the question. But they passed the night in devotions.

26. "And suddenly there was a great earthquake." This was the Lord's answer to prayer. "All the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed." Either by the action of the earthquake, or by the same supernatural power which produced the earthquake.

The Conversion of the Jailer.—27. "The keeper . . . awaking out of his sleep." He did not hear the songs, but he was awakened by the earthquake. He probably slept in such a place that on rising he could observe at a glance whether the prison doors were secure. St. Paul, out of the dark, could observe him before the jailer could see farther than the open doors. "Drew out his sword . . . would have killed himself." The Roman law transferred to the jailer the punishment due an escaped prisoner.

28. "Cried with a loud voice." Raised his voice so as to secure attention at once. "Do thyself no harm." His purpose of suicide was harmful for his body, and sinful for his soul. "For we are all here." This assurance, which Paul gives as a reason why the jailer should not kill himself, shows the apostle's quickness of apprehension and presence of mind. It was, moreover, a new thing in the world for a prisoner to be solicitous about the bodily and spiritual welfare of his jailer.

30. "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Saved from what? The question cannot refer to any fear of punishment from the magistrates; for he had now ascertained that the prisoners were all safe and that he was in no danger from that source. Besides, had he felt exposed to any such danger, he must have known that Paul and Silas had no power to protect him; it would have been useless to come to them for assistance. The jailer had done no wrong to his government. But he was conscious of having done wrong toward God.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Bad men are willing to make their gains out of the misfortunes and follies and to the injury of others.
2. The Gospel interferes with the business and money-making schemes of bad men.
3. Ver. 19. Therefore bad men are opposed to the Gospel.
4. God sometimes lets His people suffer, that they may show forth the triumph of His grace and love.
5. Ver. 23. We must not expect to do our Christian work without opposition and hindrances and discouragements.

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Literary Department.

HENRY IRVING ON THE DRAMA.

When so great an actor as Mr. Henry Irving, and who is generally acknowledged, at any rate since the death of our own greatest player, to be the first English-speaking actor of our time, speaks or writes upon the subject with which thirty years of hard study and harder practice have made him familiar, what he says is worthy of our respectful attention. His credentials are indisputable. Manager as well as actor, he has done much, more, perhaps, than any other living man, to elevate the stage, to secure the appropriate setting for great plays, to make the rendering of them harmonious. Himself one of the brightest of stars, he has striven to set off his own acting, not by associates who would act as foils and by their crudeness accentuate his own superiority, but by training every least important member of his company so as to contribute to the production of a smooth and harmonious whole.

The four addresses which lie within the covers of his new book on "The Drama," which has just been published in elegant style by Tait, Sons & Co., were delivered on different occasions before four academic and scholarly audiences. "The Stage as It Is" was spoken on the sessional opening of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in 1881. "Four Great Actors" was delivered at Oxford University in 1886, and the two addresses on "The Art of Acting" were given respectively at Harvard University in 1885, and at Edinburgh in 1891.

In all of these addresses Mr. Irving refers, in a graceful way, to the recognition of his art which was involved in the invitation to him to address purely literary and academic bodies of so high a character. The day is past when the player is looked upon with either pity or contempt, merely because of his profession. He is recognized as a man among men, and entitled, if his personal merits justify it, to equality with men in other professions. Mr. Irving has evidently felt very deeply the restrictions of caste that used to prevail, and he, at least as much as any other man, has contributed toward the breaking down of the old limits of prejudice.

It is not so much, however, what Mr. Irving thinks of the social position of the actor of to-day that interests us, as what he has to say about actors themselves and about the art of acting.

For the art itself, Mr. Irving claims a high place. He dismisses almost with scorn the notion that a play can be better understood or enjoyed in the reading than in the theatrical representation; and in this he is undoubtedly right, as all can testify who have seen even one of Shakespeare's plays well acted. In fact, there can be no intelligent reader of Shakespeare, however familiar he may be with the text, who does not acquire a new conception of the dramatist's greatness, a new idea of the dramatic unity of [illegible] interpretation upon particular passages, when he sees [illegible]. Mr. Irving [illegible] nothing claims more than this for his art.

"Its progress in the past generation," he says, "has been the means of teaching to millions of people a great number of facts which had perhaps otherwise been lost to them. How [illegible] had brought home to them in an understandable manner by stage plays the costumes, habits, manners and customs of countries and ages other than their own; what insight have they thus obtained into facts and vicissitudes of life—of passions and sorrows and ambitions outside the narrow scope of their own lives—and which yet may and do mould the destinies of men. All this is education—education in its widest sense, for it broadens the sympathies and enlarges the intellectual grasp. And beyond this again—for these are advantages on the material side—there is that higher education of the heart which raises in the scale of creation all who are subject to its sweetening influences."

This is a noble plea for the influence of the drama, and the stage at its best is worthy of the apology.

Mr. Irving's criticisms of elder actors of the English stage—Burbage, Garrick, Betterton and Kean, show him at his best, and his address on "Four Great Actors" is in some respects the most interesting in the volume. Certainly he does not lack in appreciation of the merits of his predecessors. All of the addresses are thoughtful and scholarly, alike worthy of the speaker and his audiences. They have well deserved publication in more permanent form.

DETECTIVE STORIES.

It is rather significant that four of the books received in THE GAZETTE editorial rooms the past week were of the class known as detective stories. There were: "Marked 'Personal,'" by Anna Katherine Green; "A Conflict of Evidence," by Rodrigues Ottolengui, "Baron Montez of Panama and Paris," by Archibald Clavering Gunter, and "The Masked Venus," by Richard Henry Savage.

Were there time and space it would be interesting and perhaps worth while to inquire somewhat at length in regard to the philosophy of the detective novel and the causes for its popularity. Perhaps it represents the lingering spark of military feeling which for many years after the close of our great war made the hero of every novel as well as of every political campaign, a soldier. Perhaps it is an evidence of sordidness of the spirit of the age, which penetrates even romance with a commercial spirit, and causes our fictitious heroes to inquire first of all what is the reward set for successful knight errantry. Perhaps again it is the recurrence of the very common disposition for people to [illegible] about things that are most strange to them. The detectives of Gaboriau and of Conan Doyle are akin to the Indians of Fenimore Cooper—perhaps to no one else.

But to whatever result literary analysis would lead, the fact remains that the detective story now occupies a position of chief importance in second class novels and even at those writers as an element into the composition of works of the first rank.

It is strange that the readers do not weary of stories which have so many elements of similarity. In general outline these detective stories are all the same. There is a mysterious crime, usually murder; a detective of the regular force, whose blunders fix suspicion on the wrong person; and an amateur or specialist of more than mortal perspicacity, by whose efforts the guilty are unmasked and virtue is justified. Gaboriau used to begin with the crime, work to the exposure of the real criminal, and devote the second volume to the ancient history of the events which led to the commission of the crime; but the more modern practice seems to be to bring out the prehistoric plot at the same time as the detection of the criminal is developed.

In "Marked 'Personal'" Anna Katherine Green has written a story in which the detective plays a subordinate part, but which is entitled to recognition as a detective story if for no other reason than because its author has written some of the best stories of this class that have appeared. It is noteworthy that whoever has heard of Anna Katherine Green has heard of her as the author of the "Leavenworth Case," perhaps for the reason that none of her later stories are quite as good as that one. Certainly "Marked 'Personal'" is not. The story lacks inherent probability. The clues are ingenious and in good order, but the manipulation is weak. Such men as Stephen White and Alas Yelverton might swear to commit suicide on or before three years after date, but there is no possibility that they would ever carry out any such demand. The commission of the crime which put them in Colonel Deering's power was sufficient to prove that they were not of such a scrupulous moral nature as to hesitate in the violation of a forced oath for whose breaking there were so many good reasons.

In "A Conflict of Evidence" Rodrigues Ottolengui shows the same constructive ability which attracted so much attention to his earlier work, "The Artist in Crime." In spite of its somewhat lurid title the first book was a very good detective story of a not very sanguinary type. "A Conflict in Evidence" is not quite so good, but is ingeniously planned [illegible]. It, as well as "Marked 'Personal,'" is published by the Putnams.

"Baron Montez of Panama and Paris" is in the more familiar style of Archibald Clavering Gunter, and not inferior in thrills to his other works. Incidentally it gives a vivid insight into the workings of the Panama Canal company and the wholesale stealings connected with it.

Poorest of the lot is "A Masked Venus." If any budding author is tempted to use italics for emphasis, she should read "A Masked Venus" and heed the dreadful example. Besides that the story is too scattered; it deals with too many persons of equal import, and in too many different places. Modern authors cannot complain of too close confinement by the dramatic unities, but if the unities are wholly disregarded, the results, now as in the time of Boileau, cannot fail to be disastrous. "The Masked Venus" is a detriment rather than an addition to the reputation of the author of "My Official Wife."

JULY MAGAZINES.

The opening paper of Harper's Magazine for July is the first of a series on Italian Gardens, by Charles A. Platt, a well known artist of New York. The illustrations are made especially for this article, and are unusually good, giving a very satisfactory idea of the primly artificial character of Italian landscape gardening. Henry Loomis Nelson writes with his usual ability and charm of "French-Canadians in New England," and Poultney Bigelow in "Side Lights on the German Soldiers" displays his fondness for German militarism in a manner a trifle less unpleasant than usual. Mary Wilkins's story "Silence" is much like her other stories of the early New England settlers—very sweet and puritanical in its coloring, and very well told. Richard Harding Davis has an illustrated article on the races at Derby, Ascot and Henley, which is not new, but is interesting, and to a degree timely. Wallace Bruce has rewritten the poem of the "Milky Way," here called a Per [illegible], though not with any considerable improvement over the versions already existing. Professor Brander Matthews has an article on "The Function of Slang" which is well worth reading, especially by those timid persons who are afraid of all words not in the dictionary and of all idioms not formulated in standard authors. The serials include the second part of "The Handsome Humes," by William Black, and the seventh part of "Horace Chase," by Constance Fenimore Woolson.

The Forum for this month has the usual quality of timeliness, except that even Mr. Metcalfe did not foresee the drop in silver and not a single paper is on the white metal. There are, however, articles upon the World's Fair, Edwin Booth, the Russian Treaty, and pensions, and all of them are worth reading. The two pension articles are respectively a bitter attack on the G. A. R. by Colonel C. McK. Leoser, and a special plea for Farnham Post by its commander. Neither of them will be relished by the great majority of Union Veterans, and space should certainly be given for a reply to both in the next number. Mr. E. R. Heald writes of the World's Fair balance sheet, and Dr. E. F. Ingals of the sanitary condition of Chicago, which he considers good. Dr. Lyman Abbott has an interesting paper on the [illegible] of a Christian preacher, which he thinks should be very broad. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe tells how the Fourth of July should be celebrated. John Malone contributes "An Actor's Memory of Edwin Booth." One of the most important articles of all—probably the most important without exception—is that on the Russian Extradition Treaty, by Dr. John Bassett Moore, Professor of Diplomacy at Columbia College. Professor Moore was formerly one of the Assistant Secretaries of State, with special charge of extradition cases. He is therefore thoroughly informed, and is entitled to implicit belief when he declares that our new treaty with Russia is not so comprehensive either as our own treaties with a number of other countries, or as the treaties which many other countries including Great Britain, have negotiated with Russia. Really it seems a pity that it is not more rather than less comprehensive. It would certainly be better for this country if we could get rid of all the Nihilists and Anarchists now here.

The handsomest magazine this month is The Californian. The cover is ornamented with a spray of California poppies, and a special effort has been made to publish a particularly good number throughout. The table of contents is so long that we cannot give even that in full, and can only notice a few of the most prominent articles. One of the first to which readers will turn is "The Law and the Chinaman," by T. J. Geary, author of the Exclusion act. Mr. Geary looks like Mr. H. H. Eddy, but he does not write so well. His article is weak and diffusive. Another semi political article is "The Ambition of Cleveland and His Difficulties," by Richard McDonald, Jr. We do not know what special facilities Mr. McDonald has had for finding out what the President's ambitions are. In fact we doubt if he has had any, for the only ambition he mentions is the founding of a new party which may retain the Democratic name but which shall be consecrated to Reform. Most of Mr. McDonald's article is taken up with Mr. Cleveland's difficulties. Of these there is no lack, and the author writes of them so coldly and unsympathetically that we suspect him of being a hardened Republican of the most unconsecrated sort.

The descriptive articles, all of which are beautifully illustrated, are really the great feature of this magazine. "The Missions of California," "The Farmer in California," "A Redwoods Idyll," "The Heart of the Sierras," "Salt Lake City," and "In the Sound Country," are all more or less descriptive. The Redwoods Idyll is in verse, and we call it descriptive because it is illustrated. What it is all about we do not know, but it seems to come out all right.

The article on Salt Lake City is interesting, but is marred, as indeed, several of the articles are, by bad proof-reading. It asserts, for instance, that the Rio Grande Western railway was finished as a narrow gauge in 1883, and changed to standard gauge in 1890. Of course the correction is easily supplied by people in this part of the country, but there are other errors in typography that are really inexcusable in a monthly publication. The next city to be described in the Californian as Salt Lake is in this number, is expected to be Colorado Springs, and the people of this city will look for the August Californian with great interest.

The first number of the ten-cent heralded McClure's Magazine is undoubtedly a success. It is bright, lively, personal, chatty! and of course interesting. It is very much like a good Sunday newspaper with the telegraph and local news left out. It is therefore probably just the thing that a majority of the people want to read. There are interviews with W. D. Howells, Professor Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas A. Edison. There is a description of old Ferdinand De Lesseps as he is to-day and a full account of "A Day with Gladstone." There are sets of photographs illustrating at different ages in their lives four well known authors, General Lew Wallace, Alphonse Daudet, W. D. Howells and W. H. Boyesen. The reader's natural love of personalities and of gossip is thus largely indulged, and the publisher's reward will probably be proportionately large.

The stories are by Mrs. R. C. Stevenson and Joel Chandler Harris (it is a great deal more important for advertising purposes who writes them than how they are written), and there is an article on "Europe at the Present Moment" by the great and only Blowitz. The most striking article of all, however, is "Where Man Got His Ears," by Professor Henry Drummond. How Mr. McClure did it we cannot imagine, but he has somehow overcome the diffidence of the Scotch Professor and secured a portrait of Mr. Drummond for his frontispiece.

The publisher's announcement for the coming year is crowded with good things; and as that magazine costs only 15c a copy, or $1.50 a year, it is likely to obtain a large circulation.

We have said more than once in this column that Idler is the smartest magazine published, and there is nothing in the July number to change that verdict. The "Lion in His Den" of this number is Emile Zola. The "First Book" is by R. M. Ballantyne, who used to delight the boys of thirty years ago, and still delights the boys of to-day. Don't you remember "Gascoyne, the Sandal Wood Trader"—how he was really something of a pirate, but withal a noble—heroic person; and how his son grew up without knowing him, and how they had a foot race over the hills, and leaped a chasm? Well, that was Ballantyne's, though not his first. Then there were "The Young Furtraders," and "The Coral Island," and "Fighting the Flames," "Erling the Bold," and lots more. If you don't remember, it is of no use now you wouldn't enjoy them; but your boy may, and if you ever catch him with one of Ballantyne's books, don't take it away, let him read it, it will do him a lot more good, at his age, and with his tastes, than an enforced perusal of something you consider more improving.

The complete novel in this number of Lippincott's is "The Troublesome Lady," by Patience Stapleton. It is a decidedly interesting story, and well worthy of a place on the list with the series which includes "Sinfire," "The Yellow Snake," "The Quick or the Dead" and "An Army [illegible]." In the other articles there is nothing especially noteworthy. Mr. Edgar Fawcett, whose own style is sometimes very bad indeed, writes of "Certain Points of Style in Writing," and Banker Morosini tells "What the United States Owes to Italy." As good as anything in the number is a little two-page article by Maurice Francis Egan, called "An Old-Fashioned View of Fiction."

LITERARY NOTES.

Without making invidious comparisons, it is safe to say that the exhibit which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have arranged in the gallery in the northwestern corner of the Department of Liberal Arts in the Manufacturers Building at Chicago is in all respects worthy of somewhat careful examination. The idea evidently is to represent such a library as might be found in the house of a man of cultivation in any part of the United States. The structure is classic in style. Its door, with a severely elegant pediment, its simple cornice, and small, high windows, give one the idea of a little Roman court. The printer's mark of the Riverside Press is displayed without,—a shepherd sitting beside a river, down which floats a little lamp of knowledge towards the rising sun. A table, with pen, ink, and paper, a visitors' book, pamphleting on the work of the house, their attractive Portrait Catalogue in its "World's Fair Edition," with a cover by Walter Crane, etc., give the room a home like appearance, and it is hard to realize that it is not a private library in the fullest sense of the word. The decorations of the room and in fact the general scheme of this exhibit should be credited to Mrs. Henry Whitman, whose work in the various departments of art is well known. The harmony of the entire exhibit, the attention given to minute details, the absence of all fancifulness or triviality, make this little library in its way one of the most interesting features of the Exposition.

The August number of Harper's Magazine will contain a large amount of fiction. Besides a story by Richard Harding Davis, called "His Bad Angel," and a one-scene play by Mr. W. D. Howells, entitled "Bride Roses," there will be short stories by Herbert Ward, F. Mary Wilson, and Mrs. E. Levi Brown. The last named writer, who is the wife of a colored minister in the south, has constructed a tale of unusual power out of the superstitions of her race. It presents a view of the southern negro from the standpoint of a more intimate and sympathetic knowledge than has belonged to previous writers in this field.

M. Zola's coming novel, "Dr. Pascal," will bring his Rougon-Macquart series to a conclusion. His next work, he declares, will be a philosophical and scientific defence of this twenty-volume series—a work in which he will undertake to justify his theories and methods. After that will follow three "great novels," to be called respectively "Lourdes," "Rome" and "Paris." Those who have followed the development of M. Zola's intellectual career will have little difficulty in conjecturing what these books will be.

Harper's Weekly for this week contains a large double-page illustration of the great Harvard-Yale boat race at New London. The Vicksburg Floods, and the atrocious desecration of one of our famous battle fields Gettysburg by a trolley-car line, are both fully described and illustrated. Mr. Fuller's story, "The Cliff-Dwellers," grows more interesting with each number. The present instalment is illustrated with a large half page cut by T. de Thulstrup.

Mr. William L. Stone says that his proposed collection of "Ballads of the Burgoyne Campaign" will be annotated in such a manner as to give much new information about that campaign. These quaint ballads were found by Mr. Stone while making researches for the material of his book, "The Campaign of General Burgoyne."

A popular edition of Mr. W. D. Howells's "The World of Chance" will soon be published by Harper & Brothers. It will be uniform in size and type with the paper-covered editions of Mr. Howells's novels heretofore issued by this firm. The cover is from a new design by Mrs. Whitman.

"Customs and Manners in Old New England" is the attractive title of a book now in course of preparation by Alice Morse Earl. Her previous work, "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," shows how pleasantly and carefully Mrs. Earl may be expected to treat her subject.

Laurence Hutton's tribute to Edwin Booth, published June 27th in Harper & Brothers' "Black and White" series, is illustrated from original portraits furnished by Mr. Booth's family, and engraved for the first time for use with Mr. Hutton's estimate of Mr. Booth's life.

Mr. Henry James's new collection of essays to be published in England will bear the title of "Essays in London and Elsewhere." These essays are mostly critical, and include Mr. James's papers on Fanny Kemble, Mr. Lowell and Pierre Loti.

Mrs. Oliphant's new novel, to be published next year, is entitled "Bloomsbury." It is supposed to deal with the quiet comfortable, old fashioned, bourgeois region of London now in decadence—which bears that name.

Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago, have in press for immediate issue, two new numbers of their Optimus Series of paper covered novels "The Daughters of Cain" and "A Young Wife's Indiscretions."

Mr. Oscar Wilde has reached that happy point of literary importance whereat his dramatic works are "collected." The first edition opens with "Lady Windermere's Fan," which will be published in July.

Mr. Daly's London Theatre.

On the 27th of this month, if proposed arrangements are carried out, Mr. Daly will open his theatre in London with an address by the eminent dramatic critic Mr. Clement Scott and a brace of familiar plays, and will then certainly experience something like the feeling of a general who has effected a lodgment in an enemy's country. Should Mr. Daly procure and successfully produce in London an original American play, in the proper sense of the term—that is, one not merely by an American author, but one dealing with a typical American subject, readily recognizable as such—he will have done as much for American dramatic art in England as he has done for Mr. Daly; for up to the present time, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Bronson Howard's Saratoga and The Banker's Daughter, which were Anglicized for the occasion, no American play has ever succeeded in making in London any decided or lasting impression.

But, after all, why Mr. Daly's theatre in London, except as a matter of personal and managerial pride and enterprise? Would we not look upon it somewhat in the light of an intrusion, to say the least, if an English manager of equal eminence were to come over here with a purely English company and settle down in our midst with the obvious intention of remaining foreign? Would we be likely to accord to such a manager or such a company as cordial a reception as has hitherto been accorded to Mr. Daly in London? Naturally it would be best for the English-speaking stage to recognize no purely national boundaries; but here an inevitable national feeling, more strongly marked in England than even in this country, steps in to re-establish the dividing lines. If Mr. Daly's new enterprise should succeed to any appreciable extent in obliterating these he will have done much for international dramatic art.—[Harper's Weekly.

Doubtful Novels.

Why was "Manon Lescaut" revived in doubtful English and thrust under every traveller's nose? The English translation could not have any of the charm that has made the work of the Abbe Prevost a classic in France. On nearly every bookstand, too, was Theophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" done into English; not surely to show the jewel-like style of that neo-Pagan, but only—as the newsboy in the train occasionally remarked—that the American might have something "spicy." Mr. George Moore's books were transplanted, and offered publicly to boys and young girls. There have been many protests on the part of the literary artists against the habit of considering the modesty of the young in the writing of novels. But is there any literary artist, the father of young girls, who would advise the indiscriminate circulation of Mr. George Moore's books? or of "Mademoiselle de Maupin"? or of Zola's novels, even with such pleasant tributes to propriety as some of the translators of "La Terre" have offered?

Sir Walter Scott did not lose anything by his regard for the decencies. It is not required of the novelist that he should treat habitually the phase of life which Ibsen touches in "Ghosts" or Daudet in "Kings in Exile." The novelists who have taken no account of the old-fashioned sentiment of modesty have flaunted at every cross-road during the past summer; and the public taste is much the worse for it. Bourget is right; evil teaching even prettily expressed may produce ruin.—[Maurice Francis Egan, in July Lippincott's.

DAWN THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.

Where white-browed Morning meets black Night;
Such mighty battle kings of old,
Sword-girt and caparisoned for fight,
Black-helmeted or crowned with gold
Such Emperors to look upon?
Huzza, Indus! Dusk, fierce Saxon Dawn!
An [illegible] with elastic shields
That front Pacific's fearful field!

Fit field, these half world waters? Greek
And Darius [illegible]
That was or is, or yet shall speak
[illegible]
[illegible] The Corsican!
[illegible]
Sweeps through the gate with saber drawn?
"Charge! Pierce the center! On and on!"

Silvered sabers—Swords of fire!
Flame-feet horses shod with gold!
Unheard light, [illegible] and [illegible]
God's first-born in glory rolled!
Lo, what chariots! Holy light!
Hurled against the hosts of night!
Back, brave Indus! Trench thy braves
In their thousand coral caves.

He dies, and lo, his knightly dusk
In battle harness where he stood.
Vast silence! then a sense of musk,
Of perfumed morn, burned sandalwood.
The moon droops pale and pitiful;
Her widowed face is wan as wool;
Her baby stars have veiled their eyes
To weep as when a father dies.
—Joaquin Miller, in July Californian.

SUNSET AT LAKE ST. CLAIR.

A lance of sunset lies upon the lake,
Flung lightly from the purple water's edge,
While higher reaching ragged cliff and ledge
The white mists loom, and from their dense hair shake
Pearl dews upon the ferns in the brake.
With stuttering accents from the tufts of sedge
The poor persistent katydid its pledge
Of love repeats and bids the loon awake.
No ripple mars the perfect calm save when
The wind sends past. The vagrant huntsman's gun
Sounds in the distance. Through the waning light
A lonely crane slow, rising from the fen
Goes lumbering westward where the setting sun
Sprays gold dust on the ebon wings of night.
—Jean L. Boltast in Youth's Companion.

SWEET PEAS.

When sunset clouds are lined with rose,
Down garden paths my lady goes;
To pluck the pink sweet peas
Her fond eyes show she loves them much,
As does her tender finger touch,
As airy as the breeze.

She leans and lingers over them.
I watch them kiss her garment's hem—
Her wooers, every one.
Whene'er they see her radiant face
They seem to sue some glance of grace,
As sunflowers do the sun.

How may I win her dear regard—
A task which swains have found so hard
That all, forsooth, despair?
I'll try if there be any spell
In wearing on my coat lapel
A sweet pea boutonniere.
—Clinton Scollard in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Eucalyptus For Pulmonary Ills.

The value of eucalyptus tree or plant in pulmonary troubles has been demonstrated. Oil of eucalyptus is a valuable disinfectant, and its external use in colds is wide. It is said that in localities where these plants grow thickly immunity from fevers is enjoyed, a suggestive fact that ought to bear fruit in localities where fevers flourish. And somebody further suggests to place in hospital corridors—particularly hospitals where consumptives and fever patients are treated—tubs and pots of this plant to test its virtues and if possible derive benefit from it.—New York Times.

Finnish Respect For the Law.

In Finland there is a deep and prevailing respect for law.

"Can I have a shot at an elk?" asked a stranger of a peasant who lived on the fringe of a forest well stocked with this noble game.

"No, sir. It's against the law."

"What is the penalty?"

"Two hundred Finnish marks."

"All right. Will you come along with me if I agree to pay the fine?"

"No, I won't. It's against the law, and I'm not going to break it!"—"Russian Characteristics."

News of Peace to Brookline.

The news of the peace of Appomattox was first received in Brookline, Mass., through a private dispatch in cipher. In response to this the children of Miss Margaret Little's school in that place flew to set all the church bells ringing. The whole country was in a state of expectancy, and when the neighboring towns heard the bells of Brookline pealing, they all "with one accord" began to ring their own, so that almost before the intelligence could be confirmed it had spread throughout eastern Massachusetts.—Harper's Bazar.

Mystery About the Yuruk Dead.

Nobody ever knew what became of the Yuruk dead, as no one has ever seen a cemetery. [illegible] the body of the deceased is placed on a black mule, destined exclusively for that use, and thus carried to a mountain. There I am not aware whether it is cremated or buried, but, as I was told that they also take a sheaf of firewood, it is safe to believe that cremation takes place.—A. T. M. d'Andria in Popular Science Monthly.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

SOME ANCIENT ENGLISH INNS.

Charming Pictures from Some of the Most Ancient Inns of England, From 200 to 500 Years Old, Which Are Still the Resort of Travelers—The Lygon Arms at Broadway, the New Inn at Gloucester and the Unicorn at Bowes.

[Copyrighted by Edgar L. Wakeman.]

LONDON, June 19.—There is no place in England where such a fine example of the very ancient stone-built village may be found as at Broadway, the "Bradweia" of 300 years ago, which nestles against the lower slope of the northwestern face of the Cotswold Hills overlooking the lovely vale of Evesham. The many-gabled Lygon Arms, a delicious resort for American and English artists and other genuine epicures of food, scenery and charming antiquities, is the most ancient of all the structures of this [illegible] old mountain town.

The precise structure standing here to-day is known to have been occupied as an inn for upwards of 300 years. It is charmingly picturesque without, and its interior is most quaintly charming, with old nooks and corners, while the first floor of the east wing has a fine old room with a curiously carved chimney-piece in stone, other interesting ornamentation, and a wondrous lot of charming traditions about the great folk, some on desperate business, like Charles I., in 1645, and Cromwell, in 1651, who have lodged within it. Broadway itself is the sweetest old English pastoral village to be found in England, and, to me, this ancient hostelry, with its Tudor chimneys, its many gables and dormers, its stone and iron finials, mullioned windows and bays, its fine old ingles and fireplaces, with its stone walls thick as a fort's, massed with creeping vines, is its warmest and mellowest page.

The old cathedral city of Gloucester possesses several very ancient inns which are still in use, two of which are regarded as among the most interesting sights of the place by all foreign travelers. One of these, the New Inn, is an extraordinary relic of very ancient times and deeply interesting from its great age, its historical associations and its extremely picturesque character, its architecture having many features in common with the famous and distinctive Moresque inns of Spain and Portugal.

Readers of history will recall that the splendid south aisle of Gloucester's magnificent cathedral was built in 1318 by Abbot Thokey, during the period of whose abbacy the body of murdered King Edward II., which had been refused interment in the abbeys of Malmesbury, Kingswood and Bristol, was given burial within it. Great pilgrimages to Edward's tomb and wonderfully increased revenues to the then abbey church resulted. The throngs were sometimes so enormous that the city could not contain them, and they were obliged to encamp at night outside the gates. A Benedictine monk named John Sarnus, taking proper advantage of the situation in 1450, under the abbey and with the sanction and assistance of the founder abbott, Thomas Seabroke, built the New Inn, which at the time doubtless had no superior as a public hostelry in Europe. Think of taking your ease in your inn, as you can do in the New Inn of Gloucester to-day, in a tavern which has survived the changes of 443 years, and never been closed a day!

The quaint old place is so cunningly hidden behind the grim walls of Northgate street that the casual straggler, not having it in actual quest, would be fortunate indeed if his glance penetrated the deep, dark archway separating it from the street and fell upon the charming Old World scene within. I can never forget my own experience when, [illegible] of dear old Gloucester, for that matter, I had come after a wearisome tramp down from the Malvern Hills, and without object or purpose was leaning against the corner of this same dark archway for a bit of rest. Turning in a vagrant way to depart, a coaching party dashed gaily past me through the archway. My eyes followed the cavalcade, and then my legs followed my gladdening eyes. What an exquisite pleasure was in that sense of original discovery of a place so picturesque and old! How hesitantly I tiptoed about that fine and ancient courtyard, feasting on this and that like a covetous intruder! and when I found that those were actually pictures for the reckoning of even three pennyworth of entertainment, with what delight did I luxuriate at the bow-window of the fine old coffee room, ordering this and that which I did not want, and tipping the waiter so immoderately that he sent another, and that one another, but taxing them all with questions so that they gasped between answers, and finally wound up by settling an advance score which removed all doubt of responsibility, if not of sanity, while ordering my luggage to its quaintest old room with the loquacity of a bridegroom and the bravery of a lord!

Around the entire three stories of the inner court, which is very spacious, run galleries upon which all the dormitories open, precisely as with the Spanish patio or court; while the half story of the peaked roof is broken into dormers, hooded with pretty filings and their faces set like the border of an old woman's cap, with simple but wondrous ornamentation. The most picturesque of old stairs and landings lead from one story to the other. Huge iron ornamentations, many cast with sacred emblems in view of its original pilgrim character, are [illegible] windows and ceilings, angles and bows. Diamond shaped panes in leaden frames are common. Casement and little swinging windows are everywhere throughout the structure. Niches for effigies and carved crosses have not yet been hidden by time and change.

Opposite the street archway is another lesser but picturesque archway, with the entire facade of the rear side of the quadrangle above showing as quaint and dreamful a scene of restfulness and antiquity as can be found in Europe. Through this is reached the stable-yard, now restricted to accommodation for sixty horses. In olden times it could care for hundreds of animals, as folk of quality in the time of the King Edward pilgrimages invariably came on horseback. Everything about the New Inn is queer and quaint and old. Never elsewhere was seen such a riotous jumble of odd corners, little arches, protruding upper stories, peep holes of windows, gables, lobbies, "estries," tap-rooms, and wealth of vines and foliage and grave, and crabbed waiters and chubby-cheeked kitchen maids, and barmaids to heighten the mystic sense, cheer and charm of this typical old English inn.

Dear old Bowes, in northern Yorkshire, alongside what in former times was called the Great North Road, possesses one of the finest specimens of the royal roadside inns of the olden coaching days to be found in all England. The village and this inn have always had for me the weirdest fascination of any provincial spot in Britain, though both [illegible] and innocent and dreary and [illegible]. The inn here, now called the Unicorn, was first known as the George. Eight coaches, bound either to London or Glasgow, daily changed horses in its great yard in the good old coaching days. It was to this inn that Charles Dickens, with a great and merciful motive in fiction, repaired with his friend and companion, Hablot Browne, a few weeks before Christmas of 1837, where the two remained while Dickens secured material for "Nicholas Nickleby."

He had letters to a yeoman of the place, soon to shine as one of the immortals of fiction as honest "John Browdie." He represented himself as agent of a poor widow desirous of placing her only boy in a quiet country school. In this way he secured admission to a number in the vicinity, though shut out of some by the wary masters. The "school" seeming most suitable as a prototype of their ill, from the personel of its savage owner and his family, with wild and desolate physical surroundings in keeping with the hopelessness of the school life of the place itself, was the Dotheboys Hall, still standing, [illegible] hardly a stone's throw from the ancient Unicorn inn, the house being now occupied by [illegible] daughter [illegible]. Mary Ann Shaw, [illegible] "Nicholas Nickleby," his protege, by misery, the wretched "Smike," made homes of other shelterless young lives, are depicted as having undergone [illegible] servitude, starvation and cruelty.

[illegible] showed that the horrible picture drawn was not an exaggeration, and bore out Dickens's own statement in the original preface that "Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible." [illegible] was begun in April 1838, and finished in October 1839. At the appearance of the first part there [illegible] a distinct measure of public favor or disfavor was shown. In the case of "Nicholas Nickleby" his forgivable [illegible] of short duration. The first day's sale of the first part exceeded 50,000 copies. Not six months had passed, before the torture and cruelty to helpless scholars in these remote prison-pens were abated, and before the last chapter of "Nicholas Nickleby" had been read, public feeling, which in many portions of the country freely escaped expression, had annihilated every child hell of the Dotheboys Hall variety in England.

If you came from London to Bowes over the same coach road as did Nicholas Nickleby, when, nearing the end of his dreary journey, "at about six o'clock that night, he and Mr. Squeers and the little boys and their united luggage were put down at the George and New Inn," you would have come by the old coach road from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow. On leaving the ancient city of York you will have struck a Roman highway 2000 years old. Masses of Roman legions [illegible] back and forth over the same stone track. Stern Agricola, the cruelty Tacitus and Emperor Severus have ridden towards the unconquered north upon it. The latter left 50,000 of his army dead among the Scotch mists and mountains, and with his face set upon Rome and home, only reached York to die of his wounds in February.

It is the great Roman road of England, Watling or Watling street it is called. Away in the North of Yorkshire, a few miles above Catterick Bridge, one stem of this highway goes on through Durham and Northumberland to Edinburgh. The other diverges around to the westward through Westmoreland and Cumberland through Carlisle to the great Roman Wall, which once protected Britain from the Celts, [illegible] the coach road, winds through the olden lovers' haven, Gretna Green, to Glasgow. On this western stem, between the rivers Tees and Greta, and the eastern edge of Stainmore, mostly surrounded by desolate moors, all in the northwest corner of Yorkshire, is what is left of Bowes.

It is difficult not to wander away from a description of the old Unicorn Inn, at Bowes, among the literary and antiquarian things of interest in its neighborhood. The inn itself must not be confounded, even under its old name of the George, with the George Inn of Greta Bridge, six miles nearer York, now used as a corn mill. To disguise the exact location of Dotheboys Hall, Dickens made Squeers, Smike and young Nickleby three miles from the George Inn at Greta Bridge, to the supposititious "Hall," following the right road of infant misery." What they really did do was to dismount all together from the York and Carlisle coach within the inn yard of this very Unicorn, and then cover, along the [illegible]

The Unicorn, which seems to have completely escaped the interest of English and American tourists and travelers, is heartily remarkable. [illegible] the most important road near the border, between York and Glasgow and Edinburgh in the [illegible] being the largest of [illegible] English roadside hostelries still extant which were called inns distinctively by the host-sons of travel in the old coaching days.

At its very door the Royal road began the ascent over the Great North road of weird, dreary and vast Stainmoor, peopled only by witch and warlock; silent ever save from howling tempests, and with no semblance of human upon it, save at its desolate top, where William the Conqueror and Malcolm of Scotland fought dreadfully and long to decide the boundaries of their respective kingdoms; and then wisely stopped and feasted, sensibly deciding that on the very spot they should raise the great but now Rere Cross, or "Cross of Kings," on one side of which was graven the image of William, and on the other that of Malcolm; but 800 years have eaten these old faces away; and many others will be seen until Kirkby Stephen, nestling in the valley on the other side towards ancient Penrith and Carlisle is reached; all of which give travelers their [illegible] with a tinge of dread.

Its form is of a double quadrangle, each fully 100 feet square. The one next the street has its entire front open to the great inn yard thus formed. The three sides abutting the street comprised respectively the inn proper—a huge two storied and garreted stone structure, with a perfect maze of curious old rooms approached by outlandish stairs, entries and landings, and rendered additionally bewildering by countless nitches, cupboards, alcoves and blind panels; and then there a huge brewhouse, with dozens of graneries and store rooms behind. The side [illegible] ing decent stabling for guards, post-boys, whips and all those nondescripts concerned in working the coaches, and dealing with the tired cattle of the [illegible] horseback, merchants, drovers and wagoners passing between England and Scotland a century ago.

In the quadrangle are also a spy, open stone sheds, with tiled roofs, stone feed boxes and great, slatted cobble stone floors, where private travelers' wagons could find temporary shelter; and round this and in the center of the quadrangle, extant with stone drinking troughs, is the most tremendous ancient pump I have found in England, still creakingly serving the scanty needs of the present degenerate days.

The quadrangle behind the inn yard is formed by what remains of the ancient stone stables, where scores of pairs of post horses could have found comfortable quarters, and as many more drivers' and packers' cattle have good shelter and ease. In the hotel proper the huge old kitchen must have quite equaled the famous ancient kitchen of old St. Mary's Hall, Coventry. There are still to be seen a half dozen coffee and breakfast rooms, low, with deep window seats, great cupboards and old oak paneling, where guests were served in parties and groups, instead of in a common hall. There are tons and tons of lead in the roof gutters, about the window frames and still firmly holding the ancient tiny panes of glass. Little old parlors and sitting-rooms, with curious windows and most ancient stucco work are still recognizable; but most interesting of all, and illustrating the topsy of that early time is a tiny taproom opening into the rear of the inn yard.

It has low, oaken settles built stoutly into wall and floor. Its huge fireplace of tiny cranes for steaming kettles in the corner is an oaken bed, enclosed in a [illegible] frame, where landlord or barman not only retired at night completely out of sight, but also locked himself in against roar and [illegible] and the whole. In this room is a low, portly bow, in [illegible] of which above a tiny stone shelf is a [illegible] hinged panel. Through this the stage passengers on the late night coaches [illegible] might be housed or otherwise, were [illegible] with newspapers or a forum [illegible] they had deposited coin of the realm, [illegible] the latter had reached the hostel through the great brick-lined bog within the dark [illegible] of the barman's fortified bed.

A wonderful old curio is the Unicorn at Bowes, all unknown to the people of the land themselves. Like the village it [illegible] itself. Its oaken timbers, as [illegible] Raleigh's old home at Youghal, are [illegible] lasting; but its dim, time-worn stables, its crumbling dove cotes, its brew houses, its empty taprooms, its grown fine yard and even its present [illegible] by a strange creature half [illegible] and half a bookmaker, who came [illegible] up and down the Great North Road; occasional wandering bicyclists, [illegible] literary tramps—[illegible] all serve to emphasize by contrast the [illegible] and stirring days that once were here.

As everywhere in England alongside the old highways which stand these strange monuments to the mellow coaching days, there remains but mournful silence. [illegible] there was an army of helpers and hostlers; where the bow-legged post boys [illegible] high chokers, high hats, huge buttons, gorgeous waistcoats, led lives of peril now; where the tinkle of harness and clatter of hoof were endless; "Rule Britannia" from shrill-keyed [illegible] enlivened the constant departure and arrival of coaches; where the smart cry of "Four out!" set the inn yard and [illegible] high commotion; and where through livelong day and night, a great road like the Unicorn was the brightest, cheeriest, most human [illegible] and [illegible] place to be found in all the [illegible] boundaries of "Merrie England."

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PIETRO GHISLERI.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of "Saracinesca," "The Three Fates," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

[illegible] and Gianforte Campodonico [illegible] Adele's door, half an hour [illegible] the latter had appointed for [illegible] on Casa Savelli. He had not [illegible] George mention of the hurried note [illegible] written on the previous day and [illegible] what was to take place.

"[illegible] simple," said San Giacinto. [illegible] whole story which lie [illegible] Natalia Fabrey's [illegible]. The [illegible] was found at Gerano and [illegible] the parish priest under seal [illegible]. I went to Gerano and brought [illegible] the letter back. Here it is, [illegible] the outside of it, and the [illegible] in the next room. This is [illegible] which Donna Adele will have [illegible]."

[illegible] sheet of stamped paper [illegible] drawer of his writing-table and [illegible] was written upon it, as follows:

"[illegible] undersigned, being in full possession [illegible] and free of any will, hereby [illegible] each and every one of the [illegible] I have made, publicly or privately, [illegible] own person or through my [illegible] of Gerano, or my father [illegible] Savelli, my husband, Francesco Savelli, or through any other [illegible] purporting to represent me, against [illegible] Ghisleri; and I declare upon [illegible] God, that there is not [illegible] any truth whatsoever in any [illegible] accusations upon which the [illegible] Ghisleri was unjustly arrested [illegible] accused of extortion under [illegible] the Penal Code. And I further [illegible] that the letters of his which I hold [illegible] directly to the purchase of [illegible] writings of Donna Isabella [illegible] which were at that time for [illegible] other manuscript or writing [illegible] and further, I declare that no [illegible] 'Maria B.' was ever known [illegible] that I wrote the letters [illegible] from 'Maria B.' [illegible] Herbert Arden, and that I [illegible] myself from the gentleman [illegible]. And if I have done anything [illegible] the false accusation [illegible] Pietro Nobile Ghisleri such [illegible] come to light, this present [illegible] shall be held to cover [illegible]. And hereunto I set my [illegible] seal in the presence of Don Giovanni Saracinesca, Prince of Sant' Ilario, of [illegible] Saracinesca, Marchese di San [illegible] of Don Gianforte Campodonico [illegible], who in my presence and in the [illegible] each other, are all witnesses of [illegible]."

[illegible] ceased reading and looked [illegible]. Campodonico was [illegible] smile.

"[illegible] her sign that, you are [illegible] I suppose, Giovanni," said [illegible].

"[illegible] to me," said Gianforte. [illegible] she will offer much resistance," said San Giacinto, quietly [illegible] the confession and the document [illegible]. "I suppose what I am [illegible], but I do not [illegible] Donna Adele has shown any [illegible] in this little [illegible] go and see whether she has [illegible] signing her name."

[illegible] and Bonifazio [illegible] the three gentlemen in a cab to the [illegible] Savelli and all three went up the [illegible] staircase together. Neither Don [illegible] that if they [illegible] into the room while the reading [illegible] they were to answer truthfully [illegible] which might be put to them. [illegible] met them all in an outer [illegible] in which [illegible] Adele was closeted with [illegible] a few days before his death. He was [illegible] San Giacinto [illegible] but more warmly.

"[illegible] what the nature of your communication is?" he inquired of the former.

"[illegible] it in the presence of [illegible]. It concerns her directly."

[illegible] San Giacinto. "It is useless to [illegible]."

[illegible] high and mighty head of all [illegible] up at the giant through his [illegible]. He was not at all used to [illegible] with so little consideration. [illegible] was a match for him, and [illegible] waiting for the master of the [illegible] way.

"[illegible] whom you represent," said [illegible] manner is somewhat [illegible].

[illegible] heavy brows bent in an [illegible] frown, and Savelli found it impossible [illegible] the gaze of the hard, deep set [illegible] than a few seconds.

"[illegible] an innocent man, whom you [illegible] trying to ruin. As for my [illegible] were learned in an inn not in [illegible]. I shall be obliged if you will [illegible] way."

[illegible] suppressed a smile. He had [illegible] strong cousin in more than one such [illegible] he had never seen any one [illegible]. Savelli did not reply, but [illegible] before them and opened the [illegible]. They passed through another drawing [illegible] through a third, and then found [illegible] in Adele's boudoir. She was [illegible] chair near the fire, warming [illegible] hands at the flame. Her [illegible] exactly of the color of the yellow [illegible] certain kinds of wood. It seemed [illegible] that any human being could be [illegible] as she seemed, and live. [illegible] strength, [illegible] will, aided by the [illegible] satisfaction she felt in [illegible] kept her still in a sort of [illegible] which was sometimes almost like [illegible] activity. She had, of course, been [illegible] of the impending interview, but she [illegible] San Giacinto had come to pro[illegible] compromise to the advantage of [illegible] her father-in-law and husband [illegible] to share her opinion; she [illegible] refuse everything, and to say that [illegible] the judgment of the courts. [illegible] when the party entered, but [illegible] to each in succession. [illegible] Savelli stood beside her, and also [illegible] but made no remark.

[illegible] said Prince Savelli, moving [illegible] chair.

"[illegible]," answered San Giacinto. [illegible] We shall stay only long [illegible] for Donna Adele to sign a paper I [illegible] with me. We do not wish to [illegible] further than necessary. With [illegible] I will read the document."

[illegible] standing before her, he [illegible] and distinctly. Prince Savelli [illegible] pale, for he knew the man [illegible] that he possessed some terribly [illegible] enforcing his will. But Adele [illegible] and her husband followed [illegible].

"[illegible] any reason why I should sign [illegible] and untrue declaration?" [illegible] with contempt.

[illegible] looked at her steadily for a [illegible] without reasoning she began [illegible].

"[illegible] strong argument in my pocket," [illegible] "for I have your confession [illegible] with whom it has been deposited [illegible] the day it was found is waiting in [illegible] if you wish to see him."

[illegible] shook from head to foot, and her [illegible] spasmodically. She made a [illegible].

"[illegible] that it has been in a place where [illegible] how to find it is the last proof [illegible] required," she said, mechan[illegible] the words she had heard her [illegible] more than once.

"[illegible] never saw it and never knew [illegible] until yesterday," answered San [illegible]. "If you will oblige me by signing this paper, I will not trouble you any further."

"I will not sign it, nor anything of such a nature," said Adele [illegible].

"You are perfectly free to do as you please," answered San Giacinto. "But so am I. Since you positively refuse, there is nothing left for me to do but to go away. But I forgot to tell you that the humble person who found it was able to read, and read it before taking it to the priest, and that he has informed me of its contents. [illegible] I see you are annoyed at that, and I am not surprised, for in half an hour it will be in the hands of the Attorney General. Good morning, Princess."

In the dead silence that followed one might have heard a pin fall, or a feather. San Giacinto waited a few moments and then turned to go. Instantly Adele uttered a sharp cry and sprang to her feet. With a quickness of which no one present would have believed her capable, she was at his side and holding him back by the arm. He turned again and looked calmly down at her.

"You do not mean to do what you threaten?" she cried, in abject terror.

"I mean to take this sealed document to the attorney general without losing a moment," he answered. "You know very well what will happen if I do that."

Both Savelli and his son came forward while he was speaking.

"I [illegible] you to hint in any [illegible] that anything in that confession could have any consequences to my daughter-in-law," said the Prince, in a loud voice. "You have no right to make any such [illegible]."

"If Donna Adele wishes it, I will break the seal and read her own account," answered San Giacinto. He put his hand into the breast pocket of his coat and drew out the packet.

Altogether losing control of herself, Adele tried to snatch it from his hand, but he held it high in air, and his vast figure towered above the rest of the group, still more colossal by the gesture of the outstretched arm.

"You see for yourselves what importance Donna Adele attaches to this truth," he said, in deep tones. "You will do well to persuade her to sign that paper. That is the only exchange I will take for what I hold. She knows that every word written there is true—as true as every word she has written here," he added, glancing again at the sealed letter. "I will wait one minute more by that clock, and then I will go."

The two Savelli gazed at Adele in undisguised astonishment and horror. It was clear enough from her face and terrified manner that San Giacinto spoke the truth, and that the confession he held contained some awful secret of which they were wholly ignorant.

"What is the meaning of this, Adele?" asked the Prince sternly. "What does that confession contain?"

But she did not answer, as she sank into a chair before the table, and almost mechanically dipped a pen into the ink. San Giacinto laid the formal denial before her, holding the confession behind him, for he believed her capable of snatching it from him and tossing it into the fire at any moment. She signed painfully in large, sloping characters that decreased rapidly in size at the end of each of her two names. The pen fell from her hand as she finished, and San Giacinto quietly laid the sealed letter before her. If she had been on the point of fainting the sight recalled her to herself. She seized it eagerly and broke the seals, one after the other. Then she went to the fire, [illegible] herself that the sheets were all there, and were genuine, and thrust the whole into the [illegible] consumed.

Meanwhile San Giacinto silently handed the pen to Sant' Ilario, who signed and passed it to San Giacinto, and the transaction was concluded. The two cousins, as though by common instinct, glanced at the page on which was written twice "Giovanni Saracinesca," and each thought of all the pain and anxiety the coincidence had caused in days long gone by. The last time they had signed a document together had been in the study of the Palazzo Montevarchi more than twenty years earlier, when they were still young men.

"You see, for yourselves," said San Giacinto, turning to the two Savelli as he gently folded the paper, "Donna Adele desires no further explanation, and wishes the contents of the letter she had burned to remain a secret. So far as I am concerned I pledge my word never to divulge it, nor to hint at it, and I have reason to believe that those who are acquainted with it will do the same. So far as one man can answer for another, I will be responsible for them. With regard to the finding of the letter and to the manner of its being kept so long, I leave Don Tebaldo, the parish priest of Gerano, to explain that. You can question him at your leisure. Our mission is accomplished, and Pietro Ghisleri's innocence is established forever. That is all I wished. Good morning."

After burning the confession Adele had let herself fall into the deep chair in which she had been sitting when the three friends entered the room. Her head had fallen back, and her jaw dropped in a ghastly fashion. She looked as though she were dead; but her hands twitched convulsively, rising suddenly and falling again upon her knees. It was impossible to say whether she was conscious or not.

The two Savelli, father and son, stood on the other side of the fireplace and looked at her, still speechless at her conduct, which they could only half understand, but which could mean nothing but disgrace to her and dishonor to them. The elder man seemed to suffer the more, and he leaned heavily against the chimney-piece, supporting his head with his hand. Neither the one nor the other paid any attention to the three men as they silently left the room.

San Giacinto begged Don Tebaldo to wait a short time, and then to send a messenger inquiring whether the Prince wished to see him, and if not, to return at once to the palace in which San Giacinto lived. Then he took Bonifazio with him as well as Campodonico and Sant' Ilario, and went at once to Ghisleri's lodgings. They found him breakfasting alone in a rather sketchy fashion, for Bonifazio had not been allowed by San Giacinto to return to his master until everything was accomplished. He showed some surprise when he opened the door himself and found the three together on the landing.

"Is anything the matter?" he inquired, as he ushered them into the sitting-room where he had been taking his meal.

"On the contrary," said San Giacinto, "we have come to tell you that nothing is the matter. This paper may amuse you; but it is worth keeping, as Campodonico and any cousin can testify, for their names appear in it as witnesses."

Ghisleri read the contents carefully; and [illegible] word.

"You have been the best friend to me that any man ever had," he said, grasping San Giacinto's huge hand.

"You could have done it quite as well yourself, only I knew you would not do it at all," answered the latter. "I have no scruples in dealing with such people, nor do I see why any one should have any. But you would have gone delicately and presented Donna Adele with the confession, and then when she had burned it before your eyes you would have told her that you trusted to her sense of justice to right you in the opinion of the world."

Ghisleri laughed. He was so happy that he would have laughed at anything. After giving him a short account of what had taken place, all three left him, going, as they said, to breakfast at the club, and informing the [illegible]. And before the clock struck [illegible] that night Bonifazio had received a hundred [illegible] "congratulations," written upon it in pencil, and four invitations to dinner addressed to Pietro [illegible] as an angry dash [illegible] in its generation, and on the rare occasions when it has found out that it has made a mistake its haste to do the right thing is almost indecent. At eight and forty hours the whole Savelli family and the Prince and Princess of Gerano had left Rome, and Ghisleri found it [illegible] a week [illegible] for him [illegible].

But in the afternoon of that day on which San Giacinto had so suddenly turned the tables upon Pietro's adversaries, Pietro went to see Laura Arden. She of course was in ignorance of what had occurred, and was surprised by the change she saw in his face when he entered.

"Something good has happened, I am sure!" she exclaimed, as she came half way across the room to meet him with outstretched hand.

"Yes," he said, [illegible] very [illegible]. "The [illegible] has been found. Donna Adele has admitted that the whole story was a fabrication, and she has signed a formal denial of every accusation, past, present and to come. I am altogether cleared."

"Thank God! Thank God!" Laura cried, wringing his hand and gazing into his eyes.

"You are glad, I suppose—I knew you would be, but I could not realize that it would make so much difference to you."

"[illegible] difference," she said more quietly, as she sat down and pointed to his accustomed place. "I knew the truth from the beginning. But it is for you [illegible]."

He told her [illegible] what had taken place since he had left her on the previous day, as it has been told in these pages, and [illegible] great [illegible].

"And so I am quite free at last," he said, when he had finished.

"And you will be happy now," answered Laura softly. "You have been through almost everything, it seems to me. Do you realize how much I know of all your life? It is strange, isn't it? You are not fond of making confidences, and you never made one to me, when you could help it yourself. Yet it is very strange that I should know so much about you."

"And still be willing to call me your friend," added Ghisleri. "I do not know how you can—and yet—" He stopped.

"The reason is," he said suddenly, "that you have long been a part of my life—that is why you know me so well. I think that even long ago we were much more than we knew or dreamed of. There were many reasons for that."

"Yes," Laura answered. "And then, after all, I have known you [illegible] I was a young girl. I did not like you at first, I remember, though I could never tell why. But as for your saying that you cannot see why I should still be your friend, I do not understand how you mean it. It seems to me that you have done much to get [illegible] nothing to lose it. Besides, you yourself know that you are not what you were. You have changed. You were saying so only yesterday as if you had the change was for the better."

"Yes, I have changed," said Ghisleri. "It is often so, to-day. I do not mean in everything, though I do [illegible] the life I lead. Perhaps [illegible] together after all." [illegible] said Laura, with a low laugh.

Ghisleri was silent for a moment.

"[illegible] think of you as I do," he said. "[illegible] the greatest change of all."

Laura did not answer. She leaned back in her seat and looked across the room.

"I never thought it would come," he said. "For years I honestly believed I could be your friend. I know, now, that I cannot. I [illegible] too happy with far too little right."

Still Laura did not speak. But she turned [illegible] laying her cheek against the silken cushion behind her.

"Perhaps I am doing very wrong in telling you this," said Ghisleri, trying to steady his voice. "But I made up my mind that it was better and more honest. I do not believe that you love me, that you ever can, [illegible] in the most distant future of our lives. I am prepared for that. I will not trouble you with my love—I will never speak of it again—for I can never hope to win you. But at least you know the truth."

Slowly Laura turned her face again and her eyes met his. There was a deep, warm light in them. She seemed to hesitate. Then the words came sharply, in a loud, clear voice unlike her own, as though the great secret had burst every barrier and had broken out against her will by its own strength, sudden, startling, new to herself and to the man who heard it.

"I love you now."

Ghisleri turned as deadly pale as when Gianforte's bullet had so nearly gone through his heart. The words rang out in the quiet room with an intensity and distinctness of tone not to be described. He had not even guessed that she might love him. For one moment they looked at one another, both white with passion, both trembling a little, the black eyes and the blue both gleaming hardly. Then Ghisleri took the two hands that were stretched out to meet his own, and each felt that the other's were very cold. As though by a common instinct they both rose, and stood a moment face to face. Then his arms went round her. He did not know until long afterward that when he kissed her he lifted her from the ground.

It had all been sudden, strange, and unlike anything in his whole life, unexpected beyond anything that had ever happened to him. Perhaps it was so with her, too. They remembered little of what they said in those first moments, but by and by, as they sat side by side on the sofa, words came again.

"I knew it when you went away last summer," said Ghisleri. "And then I thought I should [illegible]."

"And I found it out when I left you," answered Laura. "I found that I could not live without you and be happy. Did you guess nothing when I made you come to me yesterday? Yesterday—only yesterday! It seems like last year. Did you think it was mere friendship?"

"Yes, I thought it was that and nothing more—but such *friendship* as I had never dreamed of."

"Nor any one else, perhaps," said Laura, with a happy smile. "For I would have come, you know, in spite of every one. What would you have done then, I wonder?"

"Then! Do not speak of yesterday. What could I have done? Could I have told you that I loved you with such an accusation hanging over me? No, you know that. It was only yesterday that I asked you to let [illegible] rather suddenly—did you not guess the reason?"

"I thought you were ill—no—well, it crossed my mind that you might be a little, just a little in love with—with me." She laughed.

"I felt ill afterward. I was horrified when I thought how nearly I had spoken."

"And why should you not have spoken, if it was in your heart?" asked Laura, taking his hand again. "Why should you have thought, even for a moment, that I could care what people said? You are you, and I am I, whether the world is with us or against us. And I think, dear, that we shall need the world very little now. Perhaps it will change its mind and pretend it needs us."

"There is no doubt of that. It always happens so. Why should we care?" He paused a moment, then, as his eyes met hers, the great dominating passion broke out again: "Ah—darling—heart's heart—beloved! There are not words to tell you how I love you and bless you, and worship you with all my soul. What can I say, what can I do, to make you understand?"

"Love me, dear," she said, "and be faithful, as I will be." And their lips met again.

They loved well and truly. Strange, some may say, that a love of that good kind should have begun in friendship on the one side, and indifference if not dislike on the other. But neither had understood the other at all in the beginning. The world-tired and world-weary man had not guessed at the real woman who lived so humanly, and could love so [illegible], and whom nature had clothed with such saintlike, holy beauty as to make her seem a creature above all earthly feeling and all mortal weakness. Her eyes had seemed fixed on far-distant, heavenly sights, gazing upon the world only to wonder at its vanity, and to loathe its uncleanness. Her best and her greatest thoughts had been, he fancied, of things altogether divine and supernatural, of love celestial, of beatific vision of the [illegible] of paradise, of goodness and of duty. And something of all this there was in her, but there was room for more, both in heart and soul, and much was there—the deep human sympathy, the simple strength to love one man wholly, the singleness of thought and judgment [illegible] him, and love it, and to understand and forgive the bad [illegible] Gianforte was [illegible] the passion, but [illegible] where it is strong, force would have broken every barrier and defied every convention, respecting only its own purity in [illegible], which it loved and [illegible] wonder that when at last [illegible] sight with a sudden [illegible] startled the woman herself and amazed the man who had not [illegible].

[illegible] He who had at first seemed to her most worldly of all worldly [illegible] who had known how to touch it. To all else he was [illegible] and coldly indifferent. She had [illegible] at last, that he loved [illegible] little and more than a little, and she had known for months before [illegible] that he was really a [illegible].

[illegible]

"I have come to tell you that I am going to marry Laura Arden," he said gently, as he took [illegible] hand.

[illegible] looked up [illegible].

"I knew that you would [illegible]," answered [illegible]. "I am glad of it. [illegible] wish you to be happy. [illegible] it might have been?"

"How changed you are!" exclaimed Ghisleri. But he pressed the hand that lay in his [illegible].

[illegible] answered sharply.

"If there were more like you, the world would be a better place," he said.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Just fancy, my dear!" exclaimed Donna Maria Boccapaduli to the Marchesa of San Giacinto, on the evening of the following day. "Pietro Ghisleri is going to marry Laura Arden, after all. That horrible little wretch Adele will [illegible] of rage. And they say that the old uncle is dead and has left Laura one of those enormous [illegible] fortunes one reads about, and they are going to take the first floor of your brother's palace—your husband says he will buy it some day. I hope he will—and Laura is going to rebuild Ghisleri's queer little castle in Tuscany. [illegible] two days ago everyone believed he was on the point of being sent to prison for ever so many years. [illegible] innocent, though of course one did not like to have him at [illegible] while the thing was going on."

"Giovanni said from the first that it was all an abominable lie," answered the Marchesa. "And Giovanni is generally right. What [illegible] they will have balls."

"They say that in the confession there was a full account of the way in which she started the story of the evil eye—what nonsense it was! You have only to look into Laura Arden's eyes—do you think she is as beautiful as Corona Saracinesca ever could have been?"

"No, no," exclaimed the Marchesa, who had known the Princess of Sant' Ilario more than twenty years earlier. "No one was ever so beautiful as Corona. Laura is much shorter, too, and that makes a difference. Laura reminds one of a saint, and Corona looked an empress—or what empresses are supposed to be like. But Laura is a beautiful woman. There is no one to compare her with now but Christiana Campodonico, and she is too thin. What a good looking couple Ghisleri and his wife will make! He has grown younger during the last two years."

"No wonder—when one thinks of the life he used to lead. Every time he quarrelled with Maddalena he used to get at least five pounds thinner. I wonder how she takes it?"

"She is far too clever a woman to show what she thinks. But I know she has not cared for him for a long time. They have not quarrelled for two years at least, so of course there cannot be any love left on either side. They still sit in corners occasionally. I suppose they like each other. It is very old. But I shall never understand those things."

The last remark was very true, for Flavia Saracinesca loved her giant husband with all her heart and always had, and she knew also that Maria Boccapaduli was the best of wives and mothers, if she was also the greatest of gossips.

What the two ladies said to each other represented very well the world's opinion, hastily formed, on the spur of the moment, to meet the exigencies of the altered situation, but immutable now. It shrugged its shoulders as it referred to its past errors of judgment, and said that it could not have been expected to know that Adele Savelli was raving mad when she was allowed to go everywhere just like a sane being, although her eyes had undeniably had a wild look for some time, and she might have been taken for a galvanized corpse. For, of course, it was now quite certain that she had been out of her mind from the very beginning; seeing that she had concocted her dreadful plot without the slightest reason. As for the old story that Laura Arden loved Francesco, that was downright nonsense! It was another of Adele's scandalous falsehoods—or insane delusions, if you chose to be so good natured as to use that expression. If anything, at [illegible] Francesco [illegible] Laura, and he ought to be ashamed of himself, considering what a fortune his wife had brought him. But human nature was very ungrateful, especially when it bore the name Savelli. They did not seem at all thankful for that dear Ghisleri's forbearance. He could have brought action against them for any number of things—defamation, false imprisonment—almost anything. But he acted with his usual generosity, and told everyone that he had always believed Adele to be insane, and bore no one the least ill-will, since he had been put to no inconvenience whatever, thanks to San Giacinto's timely action. And, said the world, when a man consistently behaves as Pietro Ghisleri had done, he was certain to get his reward. What could any man desire more than to have that dear, beautiful, good Laura Arden for his wife, especially since she was so immensely rich? Doubt the justice of Heaven after that, if you could! As for the world, it meant to tell them both how sorry it was that it had misunderstood them. Of course it would be sinful not to hope that Adele might some day get well, but she had her deserts, and if she ever came back to society, people would [illegible] might go mad again at any moment and try to ruin some one else, and might succeed the next time, too.

That was the way in which most people talked during the season, and the world acted up to its words as it generally does when there [illegible] by merely being consistent. It was much more agreeable, too, to live on terms of pleasant intercourse with Laura and her betrothed, and much easier, because it is always tiresome to keep up a prejudice against really charming people.

But Adele was not mad, as people said, and as the two families gave out. There had undoubtedly been a strain of insanity through all her conduct, and that might, some day develop into real madness. She was sane enough, still, however, to suffer, and no such merciful termination to her sufferings as the loss of her reason would have seemed at all imminent. The strong will and acute intelligence had survived, for the poisonous drug she loved had attacked the body [illegible] bridge. Adele was hopelessly paralyzed. The last great effort had been too much for the [illegible] strength [illegible] that she could not stretch them at all. [illegible]

[illegible]

The Princess of Gerano was the last person who went over to a good opinion of Ghisleri, but before the wedding day she had formally avowed to Laura that she had been mistaken in him. She had been most of all impressed by his dignity during the very great difficulties in which he had been engaged, and by his [illegible] forbearance when his innocence had been established and when no one would have blamed him if he had cursed the whole Savelli and Gerano tribe by every devil in Satan's calendar. Instead, he had uniformly said that he had believed Donna Adele to be mad, and that what had happened had therefore not come about by any one's fault. She told Laura that there must be more good than any one had [illegible] in a man who could act as Pietro did under the circumstances, and perhaps she was right. At all events, she was convinced, and having once reached conviction she took him to her heart and found that he was a man much more to her taste, and much more worthy of Laura than she had supposed. For the rest, the match was an admirable one. Ghisleri was certainly very far from rich, but he was by no means a pauper, and what he possessed had been wisely administered. He was neither a prince, nor the son of a princely house, but there was many a prince of Europe, and more than one of the Holy Empire, too, whose forefathers had been trudging behind the plough long after the Nobili Ghisleri had built their tower and held their own in it for generations. Then, too, whatever the Princess might think of his past and of his reputation, he had rather a singular position in society, and was respected as many were not, who possessed ten times as many virtues as he. She admitted quite frankly that she had been wrong, and she made ample amends for her former cold treatment of him by the liking she now showed.

"I shall never be able to think of you as a serious married man, my dear friend," said Gouache one day when Ghisleri was lounging in the studio with a cigarette, after they had breakfasted together.

"I hope you will," was the laconic answer.

"No, I never shall. I have always had a sort of artistic satisfaction in your character—for there was much that was really artistic about you, especially as regards your taste in sin, which was perfect and perhaps is still. But marriage is not at all artistic, my dear Ghisleri, until it becomes unhappy, and the husband goes about with a revolver in every pocket, and the wife with a scent bottle full of morphine in hers, and they treat each other with distant civility in private, and with effusive affection when a third person is present, especially the third person who has contributed the most to producing the artistic effect in question. Then the matter becomes interesting."

"Take your own marriage," suggested Ghisleri, with a laugh. Gouache and Donna Faustina had not had an unkind thought for one another in nearly twenty years of cloudless happiness.

"Ah, my friend, you must not take my case as an instance. There is something almost comic in being as happy as I am. We should never make a subject for a playwriter, my wife and I, nor for a novelist, either. No man would risk his reputation for truthfulness by describing our life as it is. But then, is there anything artistic about me? Nothing, except that I am an artist. If I had any money I should be called an amateur. To be an artist it is essential to starve—at one time or another. The public never believes that a man who has not been dangerously hungry can paint a picture, or play the fiddle, or write a book. If I had money I would still paint—subjects like Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' with the souls of Donna Tullia Del Ferice and Donna Adele Savelli frying prominently on the left, and portraits of my wife and myself in the foreground on the right with perfectly new crowns of glory and beatific smiles from ear to ear. If you go on as you have been living since the reformation set in, you will have to pose yourself on our side, too, with a little variation in your crown to show what a sinner you have been."

"[illegible] way," answered Ghisleri, laughing again.

The marriage took place late in February, to the immense delight of the world, and with the unanimous applause of all society. The newspapers gave minute accounts of all the gowns, and of all the people who wore them, and surprised Ghisleri by informing him that his ancestors had been Guelphs, whereas he had some reason to believe that they had been Ghibellines, and by creating him a commander of the order of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus, whereas he was an hereditary Knight of Malta.

The description of Laura was an extraordinary contribution to the literature of beauty, and left nothing to be desired except a positive or two to contrast with the endless string of superlatives.

Ghisleri and Laura left Rome with a little caravan of servants. Neither the faithful Donald nor the equally faithful Bonifazio could be left behind, and there was Laura's maid, and little Herbert's nurse, both indispensable. The boy was overjoyed by the [illegible] of Pietro's society "for every day," as he expressed it, and especially at the prospect of [illegible] the romantic old castle. He was three years old, and talked fluently, when he talked at all—a strong, brave-looking little fellow, with clear brown eyes and a well-shaped head, and a sturdy frame that promised well for the coming manhood. Ghisleri delighted in him, though he was not [illegible] of their own [illegible].

San Giacinto and Gianforte Campodonico went to the station to see them off after the wedding, and threw armfuls of roses and [illegible] into the carriage before [illegible].

"Without you, Giovanni, I should not be here," said Ghisleri, as he shook hands with [illegible].

"Nor I," said Laura happily. "But we should have been together, if it had been in prison. Good-bye, dear friends."

The train moved away, and the two men were left on the platform, waving their hats [illegible].

"[illegible]," said San Giacinto, holding [illegible].

"Yes," said Gianforte, thoughtfully, "I think they will. [illegible]"

[illegible] He knew something of Bianca Corleone's story, and of what had passed between her brother and Ghisleri. [illegible]

For Gianforte was saying to himself that, though he could neither wholly forget nor freely forgive the past, he could have [illegible]. If ten years ago Ghisleri could have married Bianca, and Bianca could have lived, the two would have been happy, for even Gianforte admitted that both had loved truly and well until the end. But that which [illegible] had raised the [illegible] barrier between two men who might have been firm friends. Their hands might stretch across it and grasp one another from time to time, and their eyes might read good faith and the will to do generously each in the other's soul, but nearer than that they could never be, for the sake of the [illegible] dead woman who would not be forgotten by either.

[illegible] one word more, and the curtain [illegible] last.

In the early summer Laura and her husband were at Torre dei Ghisleri in the Tuscan hills. The small castle was very habitable, compared with its former condition, and small as it was by comparison with such fortresses as Gerano was by no means the ruined tower which many people supposed it to be. The square gray keep from which it took its name was flanked by a mass of smaller buildings, irregular and of different [illegible], all more or less covered with ivy or with creepers now in bloom. The wide castle yard, in the midst of which stood the ancient well with its wonderfully wrought iron [illegible], and [illegible] buckets, had been converted into a garden long ago by the bride of some Ghisleri of those days, and the plants and trees had run almost wild for a hundred years, irregularly, [illegible] had survived and others had [illegible]. Here a [illegible] oak, farther on, again three [illegible] side by side in a row, then cypresses again, growing up straight and slender, dark out of a plot of [illegible]. And there were roses everywhere, and [illegible] and feathery [illegible] growing things without order or symmetry, beautiful in their wildness. But in and out there were narrow paths, in which two might walk together, and these were now swept and cared for as they had never been in Pietro's bachelor days. Other things were changed too, but not so much, and for the better. A woman's hand had touched, had waked a sweet new life in the old place.

The afternoon sun, still above the low surrounding hills, cast the shadow of the tower across the lawn, and upon the [illegible]. There were chairs before the arched [illegible]. Laura sat watching the swallows as they flew down from the keep to the garden and upward [illegible]. A book she had not even thought of reading lay beside her. At her elbow sat Ghisleri in a white jacket, with a straw hat tilted over his eyes, which little Herbert was trying to get at, as he [illegible]. Ghisleri's face had changed wonderfully during the [illegible] months. All the hardness was gone from it, and the contemptuous, discontented look that had once come so readily was never seen now.

"You never told me it was so beautiful," said Laura, still watching the swallows and gazing at the flowers. "When we first came, and I looked out of the window in the morning, I thought I had never seen any place so lovely. You used to talk of it in such a careless way."

"It is you who make it beautiful for me," answered Ghisleri. "A year ago it seemed dull and ugly enough, when I used to sit here and think of you."

"I was not the first woman you had thought of, on this very spot, I dare say," said Laura, with a happy laugh.

"No, dear, you were not." He smiled as he admitted the fact. "But you were the last, and unless you turn out to be as bad as you seem to be good, you will have no successor."

"What's successor mean?" lisped Herbert, desisting from his attempt to get at the hat and listening.

"Somebody who comes after another," answered Laura. "I will try to be good, dear," she said to Ghisleri, laughing again.

"So'll I," exclaimed Herbert promptly, doubtless supposing that it was expected of him.

"Yes," said Ghisleri, thoughtfully, "I have sat here many a time for hours, dreaming about you, and wishing for you, and trying to see you just as you are now, in a chair beside me. Yes, I have thought of other women here, but it is very long since I wished to see one there—if I ever did. I hardly ever came here when I was very young."

There was a pause. His voice had a little sadness in it as he spoke the last words—not the sadness of regret, but of reverence. He was thinking of Bianca Corleone. Then Laura laid her hand upon his arm, and her eyes met his, for he turned as he felt her touch.

"Dear, you would have been happy with her," she said very gravely. "But I will be all to you that a woman can be to a man, if I live to show you how I love you."

"No woman ever was what you are to me already," he answered. "No woman, living or dead. You have done everything for me since I first knew you—well, and you did much more than you know, before I knew what you really were. There can be nothing in the world beyond what you have given, and give me."

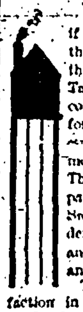
"I wish I were quite, quite sure of that," said Laura, still looking into his face.

"You must be—you shall [illegible]," he said with sudden energy, and his glance lightened [illegible] passion. "You must. Words are not much I know, nor oaths, nor anything of that sort. But I will tell you this—and by the light and goodness of God it is true. If I could doubt for one moment that I love you beyond any love I have ever dreamed of, I would tear out my heart with my hands!"

"What's love?" asked little Herbert, timidly, for he was afraid that it must be something very dreadful, as he watched Ghisleri's pale face and blazing eyes.

But the lips that might have answered could not; they were sealing the truth they had spoken upon others that had uttered a doubt for the last time.

[THE END.]



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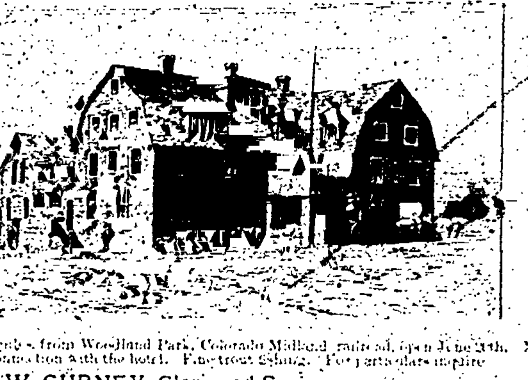

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IT DOES NOT PAY IN CHICAGO—ANSON'S NEW DIFFICULTIES.

This Is a Sure Sign That Public Interest In Baseball Is Growing—How New York Loaded Up With Catchers and Had Three of Them Disabled.

There has always been a question of business policy about [illegible] of championship games on Sunday. I have made a careful study of the problem and long since came to a conclusion that it does not pay. There are already indications that the Chicago club made a financial error when it departed from its long stand against Sunday ball playing. It has thus far drawn fair Sunday crowds, but its weekday attendance has fallen off in disastrous proportions. This same result has been noticed at Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville. It is easily explained. In every city there are hundreds of people who make it a rule to see one game a week. They will take a half day off from business when Sunday games are not played, but when the chance comes on Sunday they wait for that day, and the weekday labor is dropped. Then too the extra which a club draws to its Sunday games comes largely from the old weekday crowd.

Then there are very many sport loving people who refuse to patronize any club or association which opens its gates for the sake of making money on Sunday, and they are not all church members either. It is a well known fact that Sunday playing in Boston, New York or Philadelphia would drive away 40 per cent of the regular attendance on the weekday games. This state of things may be founded on the old New England regard for the Sabbath or the Quaker spirit which Penn left as a legacy to Philadelphia, but whatever it is it is held in great respect by the eastern magnates.

A weekly review of the doings afield would be imperfect without a few remarks about Anson. He is the "Flying Dutchman" of baseball [illegible] "Son" of the diamond. His latest [illegible] comes from [illegible] growing [illegible] playing "dirty" ball "Well, [illegible] Uncle Adrian" for trying to win [illegible] means if possible, by [illegible] as the villain says in novels. He has nothing less than [illegible] gered with this, that and the other person that he will beat certain clubs in the League race or win the pennant. It seems to be a clear case with him of "I [illegible] playing on [illegible]. Very few [illegible] grow mellow in their disposition as they grow old, and the manager [illegible] ball team [illegible] men, [illegible] justify [illegible] interest in the [illegible] profes[illegible] felt [illegible] that [illegible] increase of enthusiasm [illegible] more intense is the baseball enthusiasm. Hurst's rough treatment in New York was followed by a police escort to a Southern league umpire, by an almost deadly assault upon another umpire at Akron, O., and by a regular foot race between an umpire and an infuriated crowd of cranks in the west. All this shows that the people are alive to their rights and privileges. If there were no interest in the game the cranks wouldn't care a copper how the umpire [illegible] points in the game.

A baseball umpire occupies about the same relationship to the public that the headsmen and hangmen of old held among their contemporaries. And it takes a foul tip on the umpire's person to demonstrate his general unpopularity. The universal yell of delight that goes up from an "audience" whenever the umpire catches a foul tip on his neck is nothing less than a hallelujah chorus. If I had to be either an umpire or a taxgatherer, I'd choose the latter vocation, wherein I could face my enemies singly and in private.

One of the mysteries of the baseball business is the change of form shown by a great many players when they change clubs. A [illegible] Hawkes, released by the St. Louis Browns [illegible] he is pitching winning ball. The Washingtons have three winning pitchers in Maul, Mekin and Esper, all of whom were discarded last year. Killen with the Pittsburgs [illegible] and [illegible] Anson and the [illegible] a reminder that to err is human. Several years ago Anson threw young Stein out upon the cold world and branded him "N. G." Today Stein leads the winning pitchers of the League.

Three National league teams have been giving their friends regular June surprises of the agreeable kind. I refer to the Philadelphias, the Baltimores and the Washingtons. The "Quakers'" glory has the best chance to remain permanent, and Harry Wright's men may yet give the leaders in the race a right merry clip around the far turn and down the homestretch. It was some honor for them to start on their first western trip as leaders in the fight, and should they return in the same position they will be a very hard band to dislodge.

It is a rather remarkable fact that in spite of the precarious business conditions of the country baseball clubs are experiencing the heaviest patronage known to magnates since 1889. It may be that the more men have to worry them in a business way the stronger becomes their desire to turn away to some kind of recreation.

It has been some years since the season advanced into the latter part of June with only one club failure among the prominent leagues and associations in the United States. The Birmingham club of the Southern league was the first to quit business. But the example set by that club was not followed, as is usually the case, by several more within a few days. It seems to have been a case of poor management on the Birmingham club's part rather than a financial failure.

One of the most serious accidents of the year was that which happened to Catcher McMahon of the New Yorks recently. One of Rusie's cannon ball shots struck the young catcher's right hand and literally crushed the third finger. This accident may prevent McMahon from catching again.

One week before McMahon was disabled Captain Ward advised against the engagement of Milligan because the club had three of the best catchers in the league—viz, Doyle, Kelly and McMahon. But Treasurer Talcott, a Wall street bull, ruled that it was better to be in the market "long" on catchers than "short." Just 10 days later Doyle had his arm in a sling, McMahon's finger was in a plaster cast and Kelly was laid up with [illegible]. The team left New York on its trip with Milligan as its only available catcher.

O. P. CAYLOR.

M'CUSKER AND FINNEY.

The American and English Champion Swimmers to Meet Soon.

James L. McCusker, the champion professional swimmer of America, and James Finney, the English champion, who will swim against each other for the world's championship and $2,000, are both remark-

JAMES FINNEY. JAMES L. M'CUSKER.

ably swift in the water. The men will meet in the open sea near [illegible] England, and swim one mile.

McCusker, whose home is in Lowell, Mass., was born in Ireland 24 years ago. He is nearly 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. In his first swimming match in July, 1886, McCusker defeated a field of 13 good swimmers and negotiated half a mile in 15 minutes 31 seconds. After numerous victories and a few defeats of minor importance McCusker swam a mile at Lake Quinsigamond, Massachusetts, Sept. 13, 1891, against Robert Magee, then swimming instructor of the Manhattan Athletic club, and John Leavitt of Newton, Mass., a swift and [illegible]. The race was contested for the American championship and $250 a side, and McCusker won with ease in 27 minutes 57½ seconds.

James Finney, the English champion, as his name indicates, is very much at home in the water. He has won numerous matches and has remained under water 4½ minutes. In 1886 he defeated Mr. Beckwith in a six days' swim of 10 hours a day, and won $1,000 and the championship. Finney's most novel record is for picking up 84 halfpennies with his mouth in a single dive and without using his hands. His sister, Marie Finney, is called the heroine of London bridge for the reason that she dived from that structure several years ago.

This Irritated the Suave Barber.

The bald headed man with four days' growth of beard on his chin went into a barber's shop and sat down in one of the operating chairs. To him presently went a knight of the razor who remarked interrogatively:

"Shave, sir?"

"No," replied the man in the chair. "I want to be measured for a suit of clothes."

This [illegible] to surprise the barber, but he managed to say:

"This isn't a tailor shop, sir."

"Isn't it?"

"No, sir."

"What is it?"

"It's a barber shop."

"What sort of work do you do in this shop?"

"Shave and trim hair, sir."

"Do you think a man with no hair on his head would come in here to have his hair cut?"

"No, sir."

"Do I look like a lunatic?"

This was replied to by a silent shake of the head, but the barber's silence [illegible]

"[illegible] presume me to be a sane man, [illegible] what do you naturally [illegible]"

[illegible]

"[illegible] why did you ask me if I wanted [illegible] to work at once? [illegible] your barbers would cultivate [illegible] from easily ascertained [illegible] with wonderful [illegible] and catechetical powers, it [illegible] and in advancing you [illegible] vocation and of expanding your profits. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man as he began to lather the customer's face in a dazed sort of way, and he never even asked him if he wanted oil on his hair when the operation was performed.—Boston Globe.

BUSINESS NOTES.

Enterprising Firms Who Believe in the Use of Printers' Ink.

Fairley Bros.' special sale of parlor furniture at one-half former price is still in progress.

One of the best places in the city to get good saddle horses is at Charles T. Wallace's.

Giddings Bros. & Bent seem to attract the crowds daily by their special sales. No depression there.

Hein & Kopf have an unusually fine assortment of fireworks this year. Go early and get your choice.

N. O. Johnson & Sons have something interesting to the ladies in their advertisement to-day. No end to bargains.

Woodworth, Smith & Randall's new souvenir spoon has received many favorable comments, and finds a ready sale.

Matt Conway has taken [illegible] cent. off on some of his stock of shoes, and will accept silver dollars for the same at par.

Your feet will earn you a day's wages by walking [illegible] side of A. Matthews's [illegible] buy your goods there.

H. T. Foley & Co. have received an order from Richard Mansfield for some large photos of himself from negatives taken while he was in this city.

Nahan Franko has decided to accept a limited number of pupils for instruction in piano and violin, during his stay in this city. Address care of Broadmoor Casino.

The Lennox Furniture company are making a special drive on a lot of new bed-room suits, recently received. Now is the time to buy if you are looking for good bargains.

The Famous shoe store invite every inhabitant and sojourner in El Paso county to call and see them, and say if they cannot suit you in shoes and prices, there is no use in trying elsewhere.

The Ceylon Tea and Coffee company, 26 East Kiowa, have a large assortment of Teas, Coffees, Spices and Extracts continually on hand and at lowest prices, as they make a specialty of them. Try a sample of their Ceylon Tea.

The Wilbur Dry Goods company have inaugurated very successful Friday and Saturday special sales, and are gratified at the results. They would like it understood, however, that bargains in every line can be had every day.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colorado, for the week ending June 30, 1893.

GENTLEMEN.

(One cent due on each.)

Olson, T. J.
Akens, John
[illegible]
[illegible]
Brooks, J. S.
Brown, C.
Barr, Ira S.
Ballon, Wm.
Bailey, E. J.
Beatty, C. H.
[illegible]
Brady, Wm.
Bruce, Chas. W.
Buckman, Jr., Ben 2.
Clark, A.
Clark, Sherman
Clinton, C. E.
Cole, J. J.
Cossick, Chas. E.
[illegible]
Evans, Geo.
Fenn, J. P. 2
Fairfield, Wm.
Frost, Jos.
Furlow, H. C.
Friedel, John
Fuller, Frank
[illegible], Wm.
Greene, John W. 2
Glenn, Miller
Giller, M. J.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Hope, Herb.
Hovey, H. E.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], J. W.
Jones, Harry
Johnson, C. D.
[illegible]
Jackson, Harry
Keeler, James
Kendrick, R. R.
Kennedy, J. P.
[illegible]
Lollar, John
Lucas, W. R.
McIntyre, Robt. M.
McMahon, E. E.
Marriott, Geo.
Meyer, Will
Mydwood, J. R.
Micks, J. R.
Miller, J. A.
Moon, Jos.
Meyer, Willie
Miller, C.
Newell, John
Ogden, Chas.
O'Dristle, Jerry
Perry, C. A.
Patton, Jos.
Reinhart, D. R., M. D.
Roberts, H. C.
Ross, J. M. 3
Sandy, J. W.
Schafer, A. C.
Slegel, M.
Sime, J. C.
Siegel, T. H.
Smith, J. F.
Stone, W. F.
Stone, T. H.
Taylor, Geo.
Thornton, C. A.
Talcott, Leon S.
[illegible]
Van Orsdel, Lester
Whittington, E. D.
Williamson, E. A.
Whalen, John
White, T. J.
Winstead, Robt.

LADIES.

(One cent due on each.)

[illegible]
Barnhart, Annie
Beldrage, Mrs. Henry
Blackburn, Etta
Bowen, Mrs. B. F.
Bowen, Mrs. Thos.
Brixton, Mrs. J.
Carder, Laura
Cavanaugh, Belle
Chadwick, Mrs. J. W.
Cleary, Mary 2
Crampton, Sophia E.
Drake, Lottie
Davis, May
Farrell, Julia
Few, Mrs. W. E.
Frick, Gertie
Fontz, Josephine
Galloway, Mrs. A.
Greene, Mrs. W. E.
Gronin, Mary M.
Hadley, S. S. Mrs.
Harness, Ruth
Jones, Fannie
Johnston, Maggie A.
Johnston, Mollie R.
Kine, Mayne L.
Lewis, Kate L. C.
Lee, Mrs. W. H.
Love, Maggie
Lumbert, Bertha
Lynch, Mrs. F. B.
McKinney, Louisa
Milliken, Martha
Perkins, Chas.
Peterson, Mrs. Maud L.
Peterson, Minnie
Pitkin, Edith
Rice, Florence A.
[illegible]
Rouse, Edith
Rogers, Julia A.
Read, Mary
Starr, Hattie C.
Swanson, Ida
Smith, Hattie E.
Thomas, Kittie
Tonner, Mary L.
Trolet, Mary A.
Verner, Mrs. A. C.
Weightman, Jennie
Wilcox, Mary
Woodward, Mrs. M. B.

FOREIGN.

Bate, Frank
Fredrickson, Ella
Head, Thos.
McKenzie, A.

RETURNED FROM DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

Elmira, Mary
Frazier, Eli
Grove, Annie
Hall, Pet.
Johnson, Josie
Lawrence, Mrs. H. C.
Myers, Will
Steele, L. H.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "advertised letters," and give the date of this list. If not called for within two weeks they will be sent to the dead letter office. H. A. FERGUSON, P. M.

Grand Opening

OF

ORIENTAL RUGS, CARPETS, ETC.,

Monday, July 3d,

AT

119 PIKE'S PEAK AVE.,

Opposite Elk Hotel.

1000 Turkish, Persian, Bokhara, Iran, Shirwan, and all the leading Oriental Rugs and Carpets, will be sold at PRIVATE SALE for a short time only. This is the finest collection that has ever been in this country, as many of these rugs were collected for the WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT, but having arrived too late, and there being also some dispute about the space at the Fair, I have decided to dispose of them at summer resorts, and will sell them at low prices. Don't fail to pay a visit and see the collection. Respectfully yours,

G. K. DAVIDYAN,
Constantinople.

CURES: Constipation, Headache and all Liver Troubles.

SULPHO SALINE

The only palatable Laxative Water.

Refreshing and appetizing to the most delicate stomach; aids instead of retarding digestion; acts without griping.

Bottled only by the Excelsior Springs Co.,

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS,

Ask for it. MISSOURI.

Sold by Briggs & Smith, Druggists.

NOW LOOK HERE!

If you wish to invest in a business of any kind, or if you wish to sell out your business for cash,

Or if you will take part cash and part in real estate,

Or if you have cattle, horses, or a farm to sell or trade, call upon or write

E. G. PHILLIPS

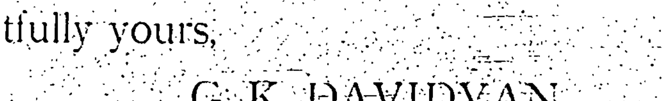
1604 Arapahoe Street, Room 16, Denver Colo., as he has made a specialty of this business for the past six years, and is the acknowledged leader in Colorado in that line.

If you wish to invest in a business of any kind, or if you wish to sell out your business, write E. G. PHILLIPS, 1604 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo. See "business chance" columns of the Denver dailies.

THE DENVER MUSIC CO.

Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise,

1014 to 1018 16th Street, Denver, Colo.



A Music Book containing four late pieces of Music and descriptive Catalogues mailed free to any address. Special discount to teachers.

Finest Strings for All Instruments.

The Hassell-Talcott Foundry and Iron Works

Works, Colo. City. Office and Salesroom 18-24 W. Huerfano.

FOUNDERS AND METAL WORKERS,

Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Fence,

Railings and Guards, and a general line of Plain and Ornamental Iron and Wire Work. Boiler and Sheet Metal Work. General Repair Work.

COLORADO PAPER BOX MANUFACTORY

Vossler & Pearce, Proprietors.

Paper Boxes of All Kinds.

1541-1553 Blake Street, Denver, Colo.

J. B. WHEELER BANKING CO.,

Of Colorado City, Colo. Incorporated 1892.

Do a general banking business. Buy and sell domestic and foreign exchange. Interest allowed on time deposits.

DIRECTORS:
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J. R. Glasser, Vice Pres.
Anthony Bott,
A. Z. Sheldon,
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E. HARRIS JEWETT,
Cashier.

WANTED: SECOND-HAND GOODS.

Will exchange new goods or pay cash.
Do you want to sell your furniture? See me to get highest price.
Do you want to buy? See me for bargains.
Highest price secures the goods. Small profits sell them.

CHARLES O. MILONE.

FIRST DOOR EAST OF ELK HOTEL

124 EAST PIKE'S PEAK AVENUE.

MANITOU ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOW OPEN

Newest Hotel, Modern Improvements. [illegible] Heated with Steam Heat.

Iron Springs Hotel

Manitou, Colo.

Located at the famous Iron Springs, at the Terminus of the Pike's Peak R'y.

$2.00 to $3 per Day. $17.50 to $18 per Week.

A. P. HARSCH, Prop.

The Barker Hotel

C. W. BARKER, OWNER AND PROPRIETOR,

Manitou Springs, Colorado.

The finest located in Manitou—opposite the Mineral Springs Park. The only hotel in Manitou with Passenger Elevator. All Modern Appliances. Write for Pamphlet and Weekly or Season Rates.

Capacity Three Hundred.

THE MANITOU HOUSE AND THE MANSIONS!

Manitou Springs, Colorado.

These two fine hotels have been for years and still are the principal first-class hotels of this most famous and widely known of all summer resorts in Colorado. And within the last year, have been so enlarged and improved as to add very greatly to their outside appearance and internally to the greater comfort and convenience of guests. They now contain an aggregate of about 250 guests' chambers.

As to amusements, the guests have a multitude to select from, among which are riding, driving, tennis, billiards, bowling, bathing, music and dancing [illegible] one of the [illegible] of the [illegible] to the summit of Pike's Peak.

Having been identified with the management of these hotels for [illegible] years at different times, I take great pleasure in announcing my return as proprietor of these popular houses after an absence of four years. It shall be my aim to set the best tables and supply the best service obtainable in this country; in short, to render the stay of my guests pleasant and comfortable and no effort will be spared that may tend to that result.

The Manitou House is now open, and The Mansions will receive guests about July 1st. Further particulars will be supplied upon application.

GEO. M. WALKER.

Sunny Side House!

MANITOU SPRINGS, COLO.

$2 to $3 per Day.—One Block from Soda Springs.

Special rates to families. First class; fair prices; table A No. 1. Ask the departing guest about it. Electric lights and call bells in every room. Best view of Pike's Peak.

W. H. ROGERS, Owner and Prop'r.

Electric Bells and [illegible]
[illegible] Between Soda and Iron Springs.

THE

Ruxton

HOUSE.

$2.50 to $3.00 per Day.

Special Rates by the Week.

[illegible]

THE

Norris

HOUSE.

$2.00 to $2.50 per Day.

J. H. FULLERTON, Prop'r.

Manitou Springs, Colo.

THE ST. ELMO

J. G. HERON, Prop.

Manitou, Colorado.

RATES $1.50 TO $2.50 PER DAY.

Special Rates by the Week or Month and to Families.

The St. Elmo is located at one of the most central points in Manitou, and is convenient to all the springs and points of interest. [illegible] Meals on short Order. Lunches put up for Picnic parties.

THE CLIFF HOUSE.

Manitou Springs, Colorado. Superior in Location.

100 guest chambers; single or en suite; with or without baths.
RATES $3 to $4 per day. $15 to $21 per week.

E. E. NICHOLS, Proprietor.
E. E. NICHOLS, JR., Manager.

PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL.

THE

Manitou & Pike's Peak R'y

IS THE

HIGHEST AND MOST WONDERFUL

Railway in the World,

Now Open to the

SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

TIME TABLE.

LEAVE MANITOU. RETURN ARRIVE MANITOU.
Daily 8 a. m. Daily 1:30 p. m.
1:30 p. m. 6:00 p. m.

Giving ample time to view the finest Scenery on the Globe. Stop over privileges allowed.
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United States Land and Pension Attorney

Will practice before the U. S. Land Office and the Pension Department. Contests and difficult cases a specialty.

Insurance,
Loans and
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Mineral Patents procured in the least possible time. Adverse [illegible]. Mineral surveys obtained, and all kinds of work done connected with mineral claims.

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Fire Insurance Agency.

Strong companies; losses promptly paid. Money to loan on improved property.

41 Bank Block.

WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

HOTEL BANCROFT

Calumet Avenue and 24th Street. Fireproof; 341 rooms; near Fair Grounds; baths on every floor. American and European plans. [illegible] Write for circular.

CAVE of the WINDS!

The Most Wonderful Cave on the Continent.

The only cave in the known world which has a palace of pearls set with ten thousand diamonds.

Dante's Inferno!

Represents both Pandemonium and Paradise.

TRIP AROUND THE CIRCLE.

THROUGH CENTERS OF GOLD AND SILVER.

VIA

RAINBOW ROUTE SILVERTON RAILROAD

Reaches Silverton and 5 Points in the Famous

RED MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

Connects with the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. at Silverton and Ouray, and completes the famous trip

"AROUND THE CIRCLE,"

Over Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, acknowledged to be the most magnificent mountain trip in the known world, including daylight ride of six miles in Concrete Canon through the Uncompahgre [illegible] grandeur, and adds greatly to the pleasure of the delightful journey.

OTTO MEARS,
President, Denver.

MOSES LIVERMAN,
Gen. Sup't,
Silverton.

S. K. HOOPER,
Gen. Pass. Agt.
Denver.

W. C. JOHNSTON,

Carpenter and Contractor

Has leased the Old Carriage Repository, at No. 216 North Tejon street, for his shop, and is now prepared to do all kinds of Job Work. He will be glad to see his old as well as new patrons.

RAILROAD TIMETA

DENVER & RIO GRANDE

COLORADO SPRINGS, J

NORTH OR EASTBOUND.

No. 6—Colorado and New [illegible] Through Express.
No. 8—Aspen and Denver [illegible]
No. 2—Transcontinental Lim[illegible]
No. 1—St. Louis and Kansas [illegible]
No. 10—Trinidad and Denver [illegible]
No. 4—Atlantic Coast Express

SOUTH OR WESTBOUND.

No. 7—Denver and Aspen [illegible]
No. 1—California Fast Mail
No. 11—Pueblo and Sta[illegible]
No. 9—Denver and Pueblo [illegible]
No. 3 Transcontinental [illegible]
No. 5—Colorado and New [illegible] Through Express

MANITOU BRANCH.

[illegible]

Through tickets for sale to all principal points east at the depot and No. 16 North [illegible] Parties can select their own route. Baggage checked to destination. [illegible] palace sleepers. Chair cars free. For full information call on or ad[illegible] J. H. ELLISON, [illegible] 16 North [illegible]

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA

North-bound.

No. 7 Kansas City to Denver
No. 5 Chicago to Denver
No. 6G La Junta to Denver
No. 61 Pueblo to Denver

South and West-bound.

No. 8 Denver to Kansas City
No. 602 Denver to Pueblo
No. 636 Denver to La Junta
No. 6 Denver to Chicago

Trains Nos. 5 and 6 are solid vestibule between Denver and Chicago without change. Carry Pullman Palace sleeping cars, smoking, chair cars and dining cars. [illegible] at La Junta for New Mexico and [illegible] and at Barston, Kan., with train from [illegible] via St. Louis and San Francisco [illegible] at Newton, Kan., for Galveston, Tex.

Trains Nos. 7 and 8 run through bet[illegible] ver and Kansas City.

Trains Nos. 61, 62 run through [illegible] and Pueblo and all points on the [illegible] Midland, and have Pullman sleeper [illegible] dations between Denver and Ogden [illegible] at the latter point with trains to [illegible] fornia.

Trains 635 and 636, the well known [illegible] trains, running between Denver and [illegible] carry free parlor cars and make close [illegible] tion at Pueblo to and from Canon C[illegible] La Junta connect with trains to and [illegible] east and south.

For tickets or information call at [illegible] 15 N. Tejon street or at Santa Fe depot.

E. J. EDWARDS, Agent. [illegible]

COLORADO MIDLAND RAIL

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE [illegible]

From West—North-bound.

No. 6 Ogden to Denver
No. 12 Florissant Accommodation east-bound.
No. 5 Denver to Ogden
No. 11 Colorado Springs to Florissant

Stages from and for Cripple Creek with all trains at Divide.

Through tickets to Cripple Creek [illegible] Santa Fe depot, Tejon street depot, [illegible] office, in Opera House block. [illegible]

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROU

No. 18 Vestibule limited to Chicago, Kansas City, St. Joe and C[illegible]
No. 16 Silver State Limited, Chica[illegible] Kansas City and St. Joe
No. 15 Limited to Denver
No. 21 [illegible]
No. 17 Limited to Pueblo
No. 15 [illegible]
No. 13 Vestibule Limited from Chic[illegible]
No. 15 Fast express from Chicago
No. 11 From Denver
No. 19 From Denver

Nos. 12 and 11 are solid vestibule [illegible] tween Chicago and Colorado Springs [illegible] Kansas City or St. Joseph wit[illegible] Through sleeper to St. Louis [illegible] famous Silver State Limited to C[illegible] out change. Only one night [illegible] cago or St. Louis. All meals [illegible] served in dining cars. Through [illegible] to all points east and baggage checked [illegible] nation at No. 12 Pike's Peak avenue [illegible] No. of [illegible] depot telephone [illegible] tickets via principal steamship lines.

W. W. WOO[illegible]
Ticket and Passenger A[illegible]

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

DEPART.

No. 23 Fort Worth Express
No. 21 Denver and Portland Express

ARRIVE.

No. 19 Denver and Portland Express
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